Sartorius Pinx.

Scott sc.

MISS COINER.

THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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MISS COINER.

THIS portrait of Miss Coiner was taken from a picture painted by J. N. Sartorious, for Mr. Butler, the proprietor, and engraved by Mr. Scott. Miss Coiner was got by Don Quixote, the sire of Mr. Mellish's famous horse Sancho. She is supposed to be one of the best bottomed mares in England, having won ten plates in one year, after travelling nearly one-third of the kingdom, and running against young fresh horses at each place of racing, and in three instances when she was very unwell.

N. B. The pedigree and performances of Miss Coiner will be prepared and given in our next number.

YORK AUGUST MEETING.

SUMMARY OF SPORT

AT YORK AUGUST MEETING.

To be given at full in next Month's Racing Calendar.

MONDAY, August 20.—Sir J. Lawson's b. c. Rovedino, beat the Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Sir Peter, 200gs.—Even betting; won easy.

Subscription of 25gs. each, fourteen subscribers, four miles, was won by Sir M. M. Sykes's b. m. Theresa, beating Lord Fitzwilliam's Whitenose, the Duke of Hamilton's Askrigg, Mr. Kirby's Royal Prince, and Mr. T. Duncombe's Ceres.—Three to 1 against the winner, 10 to 1 against Whitenose.—Run in 7 minutes and 30 seconds; won cleverly.

The Produce Stakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. four miles, eleven subscribers, were won by Lord Milton's b. c. Cervantes, by Don Quixote, beating the Duke of Hamilton's Lady Jane, Lord Fitzwilliam's Kitten, and his Lordship's b. c. Whitenose.—Even betting, and 5 to 4 on Cervantes; won very easy.

The King's Plate of 100gs. was won by Mr. Hill's b. c. Paul, by Hambletonian, beating Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Whitenose.—Five and 6 to 1 on Whitenose; won very easy.

Mr. Kirby's b. g. Royal Prince, beat Mr. J. Shepherd's gr. c. by Delpini, 100gs. h. ft.

TUESDAY, a Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, nine subscribers, was won by Sir W. Gerard's b. c. by Hambletonian, beating Mr. W. Hutchinson's b. f. by L'Orient, the Duke of Hamilton's Cowslip, Sir E. Smith's br. c. by Sir Solomon, Mr. T. Duncombe's b. f. by Hambletonian, Mr. G. Baillie's Keepsake, and Mr. G. E. Dinsdale's Capsall.—Five to 2 against the winner, 2 to 1 against Mr. Hutchinson's filly.

Fifty Pounds for horses, &c. of all ages, four-mile heats, were won by Mr. Cock's b. c. Occator, beating at two heats Mr. Dawby's b. f. Memento, Mr. T. Duncombe's b. f. by Chance, and Mr. E. L. Hodgson's Sandy, by Sorcerer.—Five to 2 against Occator; after the heat, 6 and 7 to 4 he won.

Wednesday, a Sweepstakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. five subscribers, was walked over for by Lord Strathmore's br. c. by Remembrancer.

Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. four subscribers, was won by Mr. Peirse's Lisette, beating Lord Milton's Kitten.—Three and 4 to 1 on Lisette; won easy.

Fifty Pounds given by the City of York, added to one-third of a Subscription Purse by twenty-one subscribers, were won by Mr. Shafto's Whitworth, beating Sir M. M. Sykes's Theresa, and the Duke of Leeds's Mowbray.—Three and 4 to 1 against Whitworth, 5 to 4 against Theresa, even betting and 5 to 4 on Mowbray.—A good race; won cleverly.

Thursday, the Produce Stakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. two miles, eighteen subscribers, were won by Lord Milton's b. c. by Don Quixote, beating Major Wheatley's Sir Marinell, Mr. Peirse's Florette, Lord Darlington's b. c. by Eagle, and Mr. Prince's Ball.—Eleven to 8 on Sir Marinell; a very fine race, and run in 4 minutes and 41 seconds.

Fifty Pounds given by the City of York, added to one-third of a Subscription Purse by twenty-one subscribers of 25gs. each, four miles, were won by the Duke of Leeds's Mowbray, beating Mr. Shafto's Whitworth, the Duke of Hamilton's Petronius, and Lord Darlington's Musician.—Five to 1 against Mowbray, which made very severe play and was never headed.—Run in 7 minutes and 38 seconds.

Friday, a Sweepstakes of 50gs. each, 20gs. ft. for three-years-old fillies, four subscribers, was won by Mr. T. Peirse's grey, Atalanta, beating Mr. Treacher's bay, by Cockfighter.—Won in a canter.

Fifty Pounds given by the City of York, added to one-third of a Subscription Purse, four miles, were won by Mr. Peirse's Lisette, beating Lord Milton's Cervantes, and Colonel Childers's Lady Grey. Eleven to 4 against Lisette, 6 to 4 against Cervantes.—Run in 7 minutes and 35 seconds.

Saturday, a Sweepstakes of 30gs. each, 10gs. ft. eight subscribers, was won by the Duke of Leeds's ch. c. by Stripling, beating Mr. Peirse's b. f. Florette, and Mr. N. B. Hodgson's Woodman.—Five to 4 on the winner; won easy.

One Hundred Guineas given by his Majesty for five-years-old mares, were won by Mr. Duncombe's Laurel-Leaf, beating Sir M. M. Sykes's Theresa, and Mr. Richardson's Tutelina.—This was one of the finest races ever seen, and was won by half a head only.—Seven to 2, and in running 10 to 1 on Theresa.

The Ladies' Plate was won by Mr. Hill's Paul, beating Major Wheatley's Wren, Mr. Gorwood's Shakspeare, and Mr. Walker's Editor.—Six to 5 on Paul; won easy.

ST. LEGER STAKES.

STATE of the Bettings for the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster.

2 to 1	against	Oriana.
5 to 1	against	Sir Marinell.
5 to 1	against	Mr. Garforth's c.
8 to 1	against	Corduroy.
12 to 1	against	Recollection.
12 to 1	against	Sleadmere.
100 to 5	against	Atalanta.

DISPUTES
BETWEEN GENTLEMEN,
On Points of Honour, &c. &c.

Mr. Le Bas, M. C. *v.* Colonel ———.

AS politeness, in demeanour, is one of the primary characteristics of a gentleman, and of those who are ambitious to pass as such, we

we have no hesitation in offering some remarks upon the late fracas which occurred at Margate: not pledging ourselves as to the literal extent of the account, but, at the same time, publishing it with a conviction that it is substantially true.

It hath been seriously represented to us, by several respectable authorities, that on Thursday evening, the 16th of last month, when the dances for that evening were going forward, at the Margate Assembly-Room, (it being the assembly night) that two military officers, who were present, opened the centre window of the room, which being objected to by the ladies, the master of the ceremonies remonstrated with one of the officers, who exclaimed, "D— the ladies, we will have a dance of our own." As the time had closely approached when the dances were to terminate, agreeably to the regulation of the assembly, the master of the ceremonies (probably in order to avoid some unpleasant consequences) ordered the waiter to put out the lights: but when the servant approached to fulfil his duty, one of the officers seized the extinguisher from the man, which he broke, and threw out of the window, and maltreated the unoffending man.—The master of the ceremonies seeing his local authority thus openly violated, approached to make a second remonstrance, when the offending party threatened to throw him out of the window, after the extinguisher!

As the master of the ceremonies found his personal influence entirely at an end, and even his person in danger, he thought it prudent to retire as fast as he could, which he did, followed by the musical band which appertains to that establishment: when the officers are said to have ordered in a military band, and to continue their dances in open opposition to the prescribed rules of that assembly!

We have merely drawn a general outline of this impropriety, not with any view to personal irritation, but in order to pass a few brief remarks upon its influence on society, and with some hope of preventing a recurrence of a proceeding so utterly hostile to the dignity of any rational being, and to that of a commanding officer in particular, whose bounden duty it is to uphold order, and those delicate, but indispensable gradations of subordination and civility, without which we should degenerate into *vandals* in principle, and savages in action.

A master of the ceremonies is a common local principal, presumed to be elected by the common choice; and his public character and importance should, of course, actually be considered as in the custody and preservation of every gentleman who may be present where he presides: and an affront that is wantonly offered to him, should be individually felt by the whole assembly. It would be thus considered upon the Continent of Europe, and we think that it should be thus acted upon, even in the greater part of the assemblies in this nation, where we are concerned to observe so gradual a decay of politeness, that the character of a *perfect gentleman* may be, eventually, very difficult to find, unless we resort to the first subject in the realm for an example!

If this incorrect conduct arose from an idea that Mr. Le Bas, or the company, were of that insignificant sort, that they might be offended with impunity, in cases

out of the immediate shelter of the law, it was doubly reprehensible: because the impulse would not be in unison with that gallantry of heart, which is usually presumed in favour of a soldier of condition, and without which he would be scarcely estimable as a man.

It will be readily perceived that we have reluctantly recorded this misdemeanour, with a hope of preventing consequences that would naturally result from such a cause, were some of the parties of a higher class, and formed of more inflammable materials: but as the thing is, we can make our report without, perhaps, endangering the safety of any, as the greater portion of the visitors to Margate are commercial men, whose honour is more dependent on their *reason* than their *vanity*.

It cannot be supposed that we take any delight in the exposure of a gross behaviour of this tendency; and especially as the ink was scarcely dry with which we had written a *public* encomium on the corps to which these officers were attached, when we were informed of this open infraction on decency and manners: and we are additionally surprised, as we understood that both the parties were North Britons; as if one portion of our empire is more conspicuous than another, for the manifestation of good sense through the medium of personal conduct, it, assuredly, is Scotland. W.

MR. HARBEN'S TRIAL.

AMONG the variety of cases of litigation originating in disputes concerning the Game Laws, is the following trial before the Chief Baron, at the Sussex Assizes, Friday, August 24, 1810.

The King *v.* Thomas Henry Harben, Esq.

This was an indictment against the defendant, Mr. Harben, a Magistrate of this county, for a misdemeanour, in abusing his powers as a magistrate, and uttering expressions tending to excite a Mr. Hitchens, and Colonel Hawker of the 14th regiment of dragoons, to fight a duel.

Mr. Serjeant Best, for the prosecution, opened the circumstances of the case. He stated that the prosecutor, Mr. Hitchens, was a respectable farmer of large property, in the neighbourhood of Alfriston, in this county; Mr. Harben was also a Magistrate in the same vicinity. The 14th regiment of Light Dragoons, commanded by Colonel Hawker, in the year 1808 was quartered at Bletchingly, and they kept a subscription pack of hounds: their conduct was such as to disgust all the neighbouring farmers, and they received warnings not to sport on their grounds; a dispute was the consequence between them; and Mr. Harben, forgetting his duty as a Magistrate, unfortunately thought proper to prostitute that character to serve his private purposes: he had formed an intimacy with Colonel Hawker, and took part with the Officers against the farmers. On the 7th of January, 1808, summonses were issued by Mr. Harben and Mr. Bean, another Magistrate, against certain surveyors of the highways, on the complaint of Col. Hawker, that the roads were not in sufficiently good repair; but it was a singular fact, that no person was summoned who had not warned the Officers off their lands. At this meeting, which was held at Alfriston,

ton, an altercation ensued between the farmers and Officers. Mr. Hitchens, the prosecutor, observed, that he believed they never would have been summoned if they had not warned off the Officers from their lands, as there were many roads round them in a much worse state of repair than those whose surveyors were summoned.—After some observations and altercation on both sides, Mr. Harben said to Mr. Hitchens, " If you wish for satisfaction from Colonel Hawker, retire with him to a private room for five minutes, and he will give you the satisfaction of a soldier and a gentleman;" thus exciting that bloodshed, which, as a Magistrate, it was most emphatically his duty to repress. He put it to the Jury, whether there could be any doubt of the import of these expressions; but if they could doubt of what was meant, Mr. Harben himself would explain it, for after dinner, as he should prove, Mr. Harben addressed Colonel Hawker, saying, " I put your life in danger, Colonel, for a short time; but I thought the fellow too great a coward to fight you!" This, he said, he should prove by fourteen witnesses, and he had them all here; because he did not doubt but that Mr. Harben would again attempt the same thing which he had already done, when a motion was made against him in the Court of King's Bench: namely, he denied the whole upon his oath, and got others to join with him in the affidavit; but now the witnesses would be brought face to face, and the Jury would judge of the credit due to them on either side.

The prosecutor then called fourteen witnesses, the two first of which were Mr. Hitchens and Mr. John King, both eminent farmers, who attended the meeting at Alfriston, being summoned as surveyors of the highways, on the complaint of Colonel Hawker. An altercation ensued, which lasted about two hours, when Mr. Harben at last addressed Mr. Hitchens, and said, " If you wish for satisfaction from Colonel Hawker, retire with him into another room, and he will give you the satisfaction of a gentleman and a soldier." Upon this, Lieutenant Shotten, an officer of the 14th Dragoons, jumped up and said, " Yes, he knew the Colonel wished for no better sport, and it was what he wished himself," accompanying these words with an action of the hand, representing the levelling of a pistol. Mr. Hitchens replied, he should have nothing to do with pistols; he had a wife and a family; but he would willingly meet the Colonel with a horsewhip or a broom-stick. Lieutenant Campbell, another officer present, said he met Hitchens on the hill the other day, when he looked so much like a highwayman, he should have shot him if he had had his pistols.

On cross-examination of these witnesses, it appeared, that there had been a great deal of mutual abuse between the officers and the farmers, and that some of the latter served the former in the room with notices not to sport on their lands.

Twelve other witnesses were called to prove the words as spoken by Mr. Harben, but they did not prove them exactly the same; they stated, that Mr. Harben had told Hitchens, that Colonel Hawker would give him the satisfaction of a gentleman, omitting the word *soldier*.

Two of the witnesses, a Mr. Putland and a Mr. Hudson, stated, that they remained afterwards to dine

dine with the Magistrates; and that Harben, in coming into the room, addressed Colonel Hawker as follows:—"Well, Colonel, I put your life in danger for some time, but I knew the fellow was a d—d coward, and would not fight you."

Mr. Lawes, for the defendant, addressed the Jury in a very able speech; and argued, it was absurd to suppose that Mr. Harben meant to recommend to the parties that they should retire and fight a duel: that all he meant was, that they should not disturb the justice room with their game squabbles, but that they should retire into another room, and discuss the matter between themselves. That the meeting was convened to take into consideration the state of the highways, and he was desirous that the business of the Bench should not be disturbed by their altercation. That on the contrary of wishing to provoke Hitchens to fight, he rather wished to act as a friendly mediator, and the words in which he had recommended to retire for that purpose, had been twisted and misrepresented into an incitement to fight a duel. Mr. Lawes then called ten witnesses, who were also present at the transaction; many of them deposed, that they did not hear Mr. Harben use the words imputed to him. Sir Thomas Carr and Mr. Bean, the other Magistrate present, were among these witnesses, and they stated that the summons was usual at that time of the year to consider the state of the roads. Col. Hawker got up to complain of the roads, and said to Mr. Harben, "I shall first complain of you, Sir; the roads about your house are in a most corrupt state." Mr. Hitchens interrupted him, and said, the roads were a mere pretext; that they never would have been summoned at all, if they had not given the officers warning. This began an altercation about sporting, in which the farmers were very abusive to the officers. Hitchens or King said, that there was not a gentleman in the regiment; they had risen from the ranks, and had the halberts marked in their faces. This was addressed to Lieutenant Campbell, who had formerly been riding-master to the regiment. Hitchens was ordered by the Magistrates to go out of Court. He retired below the bar, and said there he could say what he pleased, and Harben could not prevent him. Sir Thomas Carr wished to quell the tumult by calling in the constables; but Mr. Harben advised him not to be too hasty, and then said, as the witnesses for the defendant represented it, "I know Colonel Hawker to be so much of a gentleman, that if you will retire with him, he will give you any *explanation* that a gentleman can;" and that they considered he meant that the parties should not go on altercating in the justice room, but retire and endeavour to adjust their differences elsewhere.

The Lord Chief Baron summed up the case with great minuteness. He observed, the charge imputed to Mr. Harben was this, that he, sitting as a Magistrate, advised two parties to go out and murder each other by fighting a duel. If true, it was as great a breach of duty as if himself should desire any two gentlemen to retire into the Grand Jury room, and settle a difference by fighting a duel. This, he believed, had never happened to any Judge in this country, though something like it once happened in Ireland, and he had the fact from the learned Judge before whom it took place. In a cause before him, he

he observed, that the parties were near relations, and it was a pity they could not settle their differences *out of Court*. Upon which, one of the parties jumped up and exclaimed, "My Lord, I have proposed the same thing to my adversary, but the fellow has not spirit enough to fight me." His Lordship having then detailed all the evidence most exactly, told the Jury they would consider whether Mr. Harben seriously meant to recommend a duel to the parties; or whether it was, as stated by the defendant's witnesses, a recommendation to retire, and endeavour at amicable compromise. He stated, it was clear that Hitchens and King were the leaders of one party; that they had improperly interrupted Col. Hawker in his complaint of the state of the roads; that they had begun by telling the Magistrates they were summoned upon a mere pretext; and he observed, that the prosecutor had called fourteen witnesses, and only two spoke to the words, "satisfaction of a gentleman and a *soldier*;" and if the latter words were left out, it was not so clear that a duel was implied; but if they believed the latter words were used, that did imply *fighting*, and not compromise.

The Jury deliberated a considerable time, and at length found the defendant—*Guilty*.

At the same assizes an action was tried on the following day, brought by Mr. King against Mr. Harben, and arising out of the same unfortunate squabble. Mr. Harben had caused a bill of indictment for perjury to be preferred against Mr. King, for his affidavit, upon which the rule for a criminal information was moved against Mr. H. in the King's Bench. This bill the grand Jury threw out, and Mr. King brought the present action against Mr. Harben for maliciously preferring that bill. The case was, however, not gone into, it being agreed to settle the case by taking a verdict for the plaintiff for 100l.

SIMKINS v. HUNT, ESQ.

Writ of Enquiry of Damages at the Salisbury Assizes.

THIS writ of enquiry has been already executed and re-executed before two separate Juries in the county of Wilts; first at Warminster, and since at Devizes. In both instances the defendant, H. Hunt, Esq. attended in person, and conducted his own cause, and in both instances the Jury returned a verdict of no damage.

By a rule of the Court of King's Bench, obtained in the Easter Term last, this verdict was again set aside, and a new writ ordered to be executed before a Judge at the next assizes for the county of Wilts, on the ground that the defendant had misled and influenced the minds of the Jury, in his address to them at Devizes. In the last term the Court was moved by Mr. Clifford for a rule to postpone the third hearing of this cause till the next Lent Assizes, to be held at Salisbury, on an affidavit stating, that since the last order of Court in this case, the defendant, Mr. Hunt, had been sentenced by the Court to three months imprisonment in the King's Bench, for an assault upon a gamekeeper, which term of three months would

not

not expire till after the next assizes at Salisbury; therefore he, the defendant, would be prevented attending to conduct his own defence, which was material to his interest, and which he was most anxious to do. The Court having refused this rule, application was made to Mr. Justice Bailey, (one of the Judges assigned to hold the Assizes at Salisbury) to grant a writ of Habeas Corpus to take the defendant down to the assizes for the purpose before named; this application was also refused. The third writ of enquiry at length came before a Jury at the assizes, and Mr. Hunt not having been able to obtain permission to attend in person, it was undefended. The Counsel for the prosecution contended for a shilling damages; but the Judge observed that as no specific damages had been proved, the smallest coin would answer the justice of the case. The Jury instantly found a verdict for the plaintiff —Damages, *One Farthing*.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

"The pigeon from the trap glides off in silence, and not a nerve is discomposed by the smallest alarm."

ON Thursday, August 9th, the Old Hat Club held their last Meeting for the season; some of the best shots were absent. The feast of turtle and of venison, and the flow of claret, were the order of the day, enlivened by the jocund song of Mr. Dignum, &c.

	Killed.
Lord R.	14 of 18
Mr. T. M.	12 of do.
Mr. B.	12 of 18
Mr. S.	12 of do.
Mr. E.	12 of do.
Mr. H.	11 of do.
Mr. C.	11 of do.
Mr. W. M.	10 of do.
Mr. G.	10 of do.
Mr. M.	10 of do.

N. B. All the dead birds this day were brought to the tent by a dog, a fine sporting animal.

We agree not altogether in opinion with the ingenious author of "*Rural Sports*," when he ascribes but little merit to the successful shooter of pigeons; whom he thinks can almost always contrive to strike (strike he may, but can he uniformly kill?) his bird from the box, that scarcely ever made shift to hit it when rising from the bush. The remark is no doubt entitled to some attention; for in the former instance the shooter is on the alert, and the shot is anticipated; in the second, the unexpected "sounding of the pinions" ruffles and discomposes the nervous energy, and causes haste and trepidation, the effects of which, so baneful to the sportsman, prove safety to the bird. In drawing the parallel between the two sports, candour obliges us to allow community of merit to adepts in each line of shooting, though we have not always invariably seen the trap-shooter shine in the field, and *vice versa*. The pigeon is a bird of greater velocity, the texture of his wings and body more firm and elastic, than the partridge. A carrier-pigeon has been known to go an end from St. Alban's to London in seven minutes. Whether a pheasant or a partridge could perform a journey so expeditious and continuous, we leave to the sagacity of our sporting readers to determine.

RURAL

RURAL SPORTS AT PLAISTOW, ESSEX.

Continued from page 171.

EVIDENCE IN SUPPORT OF THE PROSECUTION.

James Adams sworn, and examined by Mr. Gurney.

Q. You live at Plaistow, Mr. Adams? A. I do, Sir.

Q. What trade are you? A. A farmer.

Q. How long have you lived at Plaistow? A. I have lived there all my life.

Q. Do you ever remember any fair at Plaistow? A. Not until within these few years. I remember several pastimes on Whit-Mondays during the last three or four years.

Q. When did they become inconvenient? A. In the year 1808 they became very inconvenient unto the inhabitants.

Q. Do you know whether there was any advertisement published at that time? A. I don't know of mine own knowledge that there was.

Q. Were there many people assembled when the rural sports first began? A. The first day I don't think there was.

Q. When did the visitors become numerous and inconvenient? A. About two years ago they became very inconvenient to the inhabitants; there was then no possibility for waggons to pass without running over them.

Q. How many were there then? A. Between 2 and 300.

Q. Is the place narrow or wide? A. It is very narrow.

Q. Did the people make much noise? A. There was a great deal of hallooing, as at all fairs.

Q. Were there many people in 1807? A. There were hardly any at all in 1807.

Q. Do you remember any attempts to prevent the fair in 1808? A. There were attempts the year before last to prevent it; I remember constables sent by the order of W. Manby, the magistrate, to keep the people away: I recollect also some hand-bills put up to warn the people not to commit acts of disorder.

[The hand-bill was then shewn, which the witness said was the hand-bill he spoke of; it was then put in and read, and was as follows:—

"Rural Sports—Whit-Monday. Notice is hereby given, that all such attempts at a breach of the peace are illegal, and that orders are given to the peace officers to attend, on Monday the 21st inst. to apprehend all persons who shall be found thus offending, and who will be prosecuted as the law directs."]

Q. Were these bills stuck up about the village of Plaistow? A. They were.

Q. What time did the people begin to assemble? A. They began to collect about three or four o'clock: when I came through the fair in my chaise, there were then so many people that it was impossible for me to pass.

Q. Did you see Cochran and Grewer? A. I did not.

Q. Did you take notice of any body else? A. No! I did not look at any body.

Q. Were you stopped by any person? A. Yes! I was: I was stopped by Timothy West, the butcher, a man who has served my family for twenty years.

Q. Did he say any thing remarkable to you? A. Yes, he did:

when he came up to me he said, "Damn your eyes, Jem Adams, I thought you knew better; turn him over the rascal," addressing himself to the mob, "turn him over."

Q. How many people were there about you then? A. At this time there might be 50 or 60 about me: the mob at this time were very noisy, they were carrying somebody about and hallooing.

Q. Did you take notice of any body else? A. When I went, I did not mean to stop nor look at them: I went on: I was going to get out from my chaise, but they would not let me.

Q. I ask you again, did you see any body else you knew? A. Nobody but West, the butcher.

Q. Did you stop long? A. I went right through, I was about a quarter of a mile from my own house; I knew I was no favourite with them, I therefore made the best of my way home.

Q. Did you go through the fair at any other time in the course of the same day? A. About eight or nine o'clock in the evening, Mr. Martin, myself, and some others, walked round the fair, and found every thing apparently very quiet.

Q. How late was it before the people left it completely? A. It might be about ten o'clock.

Q. Before that day had you any conversation with any of the defendants on the subject of the fair? A. Only the person who was sticking up a bill; I did not know him, I could not swear to him, nor can I tell his name.

Q. You did, however, see a man sticking up bills? A. I saw a man sticking up bills about the rural sports on the Saturday evening previous to Whit-Monday; I told him it was not to be allowed.

Q. Had you any intercourse with any other of the defendants? A. None whatever.

Cross-examined by Mr. Serjeant Best.

Q. You have known this place many years? A. I have.

Q. And you never heard or saw any fairs on Whit-Monday than before the last two or three years? A. I never did.

Q. You say there were no more than fifty or sixty people when you was stopped? A. That was all.

Q. There are a great number of hard-working people at Plaistow and its neighbourhood? A. There are.

Q. How long have you lived there, Mr. Adams? A. Forty years.

Q. You don't remember that there was ever any thing like rural sports on Whit-Monday, at Plaistow, before the year 1806? A. There might be two or three boys, or so, at play there, but not more, within these forty years.

Q. Were you never yourself at any donkey-races there? A. Not that I remember.

Q. Did you never subscribe to the donkey-races? A. I never did subscribe to any of them; I am a hard-working man, I never subscribed one farthing to those rural sports.

Q. Did you never bring your family to see the fun at Plaistow? A. I did bring my family the first day, and my wife and children viewed it from out a chamber window.

Q. Do you remember to have seen the race for shifts? A. I don't remember to have seen the shifts, I saw the donkies; there were fifty of my own people there, and they made up a considerable part of the crowd.

Q. That certainly is the best way

way to make them work six days out of the seven? No answer.

Q. You were too late for the shift running? A. I suppose I was.

Q. Did they run naked? A. I should think not; if they did there would be a great many more people there than there was. *(A loud laugh.)*

Q. They were common hard-working women, were they not? A. I believe they were.

Q. You thought there was no harm in their running for a shift? A. I think it was a bad way to get a shift.

Q. Who subscribes to this prosecution? A. I don't know indeed.

Q. Who wrote that hand-bill, do you know? A. I don't know any thing about it.

Q. Do you know who published it? A. I had nothing to do with it, I only knew that it was printed.

Q. Are you to pay any thing towards this prosecution? A. I am, along with several others.

Re-examined by Mr. Gurney.

Q. If there was any running in shifts you did not see it? A. No, I did not; I never saw such a thing in my life that I recollect.

Mr. Ward sworn, and examined by Mr. Bolland.

Q. How long have you lived in the village of Plaistow? A. About seven years.

Q. You are a surgeon in that village? A. I am.

Q. How long do you remember to have seen or heard of rural sports at Plaistow, on Whit-Monday? A. There has been no custom to have rural sports until within the last three years. In the year 1807, there were rural sports at Plaistow.

Q. When was the first time that you heard of a fair at Plaistow? A. About three or four years ago; when I first heard of it, I was asked to subscribe 2s. 6d. towards the sports.

Q. Were they very noisy the first year? A. No, on the contrary, they were very quiet. The second year they got very disorderly. On the third year, I heard a great deal of disturbance indeed.

Q. How soon do you remember to have seen the crowd in the year 1809? A. About seven o'clock in the evening on Whit-Monday.

Q. Were they the people of the village? A. The greatest part of them were from a distance.

Q. What description of people were they? A. The greater part of them were a low set.

Q. Did you see Cochran there? A. I did. I saw him with two or three women, and a great mob before them. The women were hand in hand, and Cochran was encouraging of them to run.

Q. How were they dressed? A. I believe in their natural and ordinary dress.

Q. Were they not naked? No, they were not naked.

Q. What rank of life were they? A. Not the most respectable.

Q. Did you speak to Cochran? A. No, I did not.

Q. Did you see Grewer the elder? A. No, I did not. I saw Grewer the younger in the crowd.

Q. Did you see Archer? Yes, I did.

Q. What was he doing? A. He was dressed up in ribbons, and bawling. I don't know that he was doing any thing more.

Q. Did the mob seem disposed to be riotous? A. Yes, they did. The constables were ordered to keep the peace and prevent the sports. The mob were bringing out some asses to race; but the constables would

not let them. I heard the people say, they were only waiting to see who would begin first. I then went away.

Q. Did you return in the evening, to see what else was done? A. I did not.

Q. Did you see how far the ladies ran? A. I did not. I saw them run from Mr. Martin's house towards the Black Lion; but in the situation I was in, I could only see half the race-ground.

Cross-examined by Mr. Common Serjeant.

Q. You saw the women, did you not? A. Yes, I did.

Q. They were not dressed in any other way than in the usual dress? A. I believe they were in their usual dress. They were common low women.

Q. I hope, therefore, they are not the less entitled to consideration.

Q. They were merely running in their ordinary dress? A. I did not take much notice of them.

Q. I suppose you did not assist in drawing up this grand, notable bill. A. No, I did not.

Q. It was drawn up by a committee of the prosecutors, was it not? A. I believe it was. I did not see it nor hear of it until it was drawn up.

Q. You thought the conduct of these defendants so shocking that you subscribed to this prosecution? A. I certainly have subscribed to this prosecution.

Q. It is not true, I suppose, that you yourself subscribed to these sports? A. Yes, I did. That was the first year. I gave them half a crown; but I mentioned at the time that I did not give it towards the sports; but they might make use of it in any other way they pleased.

Q. Oh! then, you said you would not give your half crown towards the sports; but they might make use of it in any other way, to promote their fun? No answer.

Richard Gregory sworn and examined by Mr. Garrow.

Q. I believe, Sir, you went through the town with Mr. Adams? A. I did go through with him in his chaise.

Q. I believe you are not a subscriber to this prosecution, nor an inhabitant of Plaistow? A. I am neither.

Q. Will you have the goodness to state what passed on that occasion? A. On coming to the village, we saw the police officers there, and the chaise was stopped by a crowd. West, the butcher, came up, and addressing himself to Mr. Adams, said, "Damn your eyes, Jem Adams, I thought you knew better." He then said, "throw him over, throw him over," two or three times.

Q. What number of people were there gathered together at that time? A. About thirty to fifty.

Q. You went there again in the evening, did you not? A. I did, about seven o'clock.

Q. How many people were there then? A. There were from two to three hundred.

Q. Were they very noisy? A. They seemed to me to be very quiet.

Q. Did you see any of the defendants there? A. I did not take notice of any body except this man, West.

Q. I believe Mr. Adams made the best of his way home after he was accosted by West? A. Yes, he did.

Q. Did you go to the fair again in the evening? A. Yes, I did; I went between nine and ten o'clock.

Q. Did

Q. Did you take notice of any thing in particular? A. There seemed to be a piece of work between the constables and some of the crowd. The officers had got a man in the watch-house.

Q. How many people were there at that time? A. There were about twenty or thirty near the watch-house.

***William Rayner sworn, and examined by Mr. Gurney.**

Q. I believe, Sir, you was churchwarden last year of the parish of Plaistow? A. I was.

Q. Do you remember any thing in particular to have passed at Plaistow on Whit-Monday, 1809? A. Towards the evening of that day, when I came home, I observed a body of people to the number of between two and three hundred.

Q. Did you observe amongst those persons any body you knew? A. I did not notice any body I knew.

Q. Were they very noisy? A. No, they behaved very quiet, whilst I was there; I went home soon afterwards, and did not go out of doors any more that evening.

Q. Had you any intercourse with the defendants? A. I had none whatever.

Q. Did you see the bill stuck about? A. I did.

Robert Humphrey Martin sworn, and examined by Mr. Bolland.

Q. How long have you lived at Plaistow? A. I have lived there about five years.

Q. How long has it been the custom to have rural sports there on Whit-Monday? A. Not till three years ago—it was in the year 1806 they began. My business leads me often to town, but that does not prevent me from knowing what may have passed.

Q. Will you be so good as to state what you know of this transaction? A. In consequence of the increasing inconvenience of this fair in the year 1808, a requisition, signed by several of the respectable inhabitants of Plaistow, was delivered to Mr. Manby, the magistrate. Peace officers were accordingly sent to prevent the repetition of the rural sports. In consequence of bills being stuck up, advertising that the rural sports would be exhibited on Whit-Monday, steps were taken by the inhabitants to counteract the effect of these bills—another bill was printed and circulated about the village, forbidding the rural sports. [Here the witness was shewn the hand-bill so often alluded to in the course of this trial.]

Q. Do you know who drew up that bill? A. I drew it up, and take upon myself the merits of it, whether right or wrong.

Q. Who advised you to draw up that bill? A. By the recommendation of the magistrate I drew it up.

Q. Did you go to the fair? A. I kept out from it, leaving the constables to do their duty.

Q. Did you go at all into the fair? A. I had occasion to go to speak to West; and in going through the fair I met young Grewar, who demanded of me 2s. 6d. as my share of subscription towards the rural sports. I refused it; but he followed me a considerable way, still demanding it; there were then about fifty people around

* The above witness is a baker in the village, and was, with his wife, most illiberally taken to Chelmsford to give evidence.

me;

me; there was a great deal of noise, confusion, and tumult, and running about; that was all that I observed pass.

Q. What did Grewar say to you? A. He said, are you going to give me the half-crown you promised me in the morning? I said, certainly I will not.

Q. Did you see Cochran? A. I did see him pass by, making a noise and running about; but I did not see any thing more: very little passed after this worth notice: I then went home.

[Mr. Manby, the magistrate, was here examined, touching the requisition of the inhabitants alluded to by the last witness; he said he had no recollection of any such requisition, and had only a letter in his possession, which he believed was written by one of the inhabitants of Plaistow.]

Q. Pray, Sir, was there any requisition sent to the magistrate by the inhabitants of Plaistow? A. There was a requisition, signed by ten or twelve of the most respectable inhabitants of Plaistow, and sent to the magistrates.

Q. What was the object of that meeting? A. For the purpose of devising the best means of preventing the assemblage at Plaistow.

Q. Of whom was this meeting composed? A. Of the most respectable inhabitants of Plaistow.

Cross-examined by Mr. Serjeant Best.

Q. So this conclave of cardinals consisted of all the people of property and respectability in the village of Plaistow? A. I believe they were the most respectable people.

Q. Pray, Sir, do you not know that there are three times as many respectable inhabitants as those composing that august assemblage? A. Very possibly there might be three times as many respectable inhabitants, but I must confess that I do not know of them.

Mr. Hagger sworn, and examined by Mr. Garrow.

Q. Do you live at Plaistow? A. I do, but carry on business in London.

Q. Do you know any thing of this affair? A. I saw some part of the transaction on Whit-Monday the year before last; towards the evening, I saw two or three hundred people collected together.

Q. What else did you particularly observe? A. I observed there were fifes and drums, asses running, and a great number of people running after each other.

Q. Were you in the fair later in the evening? A. Between seven and eight o'clock I went through, in company with several other persons.

Q. How many people were there then? A. I should suppose between four and five hundred.

Q. What description of people were they? A. They were low, bad people.

Q. How late did they keep this up? A. Till eleven o'clock.

Q. Did you see young Grewar there? A. I did.

Q. Was he doing any thing in particular? A. I did not see him do any thing; he was doing nothing.

(To be continued.)

ANTIQUITY AND PROGRESS OF HORSE-RACES.

(From Nesbitt's Treatise on Sports and Games.)

HORSE-RACES were used at public festivities, even so early

ly as the patriarchs' time. They began in the most eastern nations, and from them other countries followed their example. At first the horses drew their burthens instead of carrying them on their backs, as they now do; saddles were not invented till ages after.

The first account of these races that we meet with, was at the festivities of Mithras, or the Sun, after performing their sacrifices.—The Persian monarchs celebrated the festivity of Mithras with great pomp; and, amongst other amusements, they had their horse-races, drawing their drivers in chariots. The Greeks had their Hippodromes, and the Ludus Trojanus was instituted in Sicily. Amongst the Romans, these chariots were drawn by slaves; afterwards by people of higher rank; nay, even by emperors, as Suetonius, Tacitus, and others, inform us.

Montfaucon tells us, the Equiria at Rome were so called from the horse-races that were run in the Campus Martius; but more anciently they were run in the open country, and afterwards in enclosures railed in with wood, to prevent the spectators crowding in too much, till the Grand Circus was built by Tarquinius Priscus, in *anno mundi* 3344, 604 years before the birth of Christ, when they were performed therein. This custom, in some measure, is kept up in many places in England, more especially towards the ending-post, either by rails or cords.

Augustus, the emperor of Rome, was a great admirer of these horse-races, as Virgil tells us in a most inimitable description; and after the emperors, &c. had instituted the solemn festivities of the Romans, such as *Agones, Quinquinalia,* &c. the horse-races were a principal part thereof. How far the horses ran before they got to the last *meta* from the starting place, is not expressed by historians, but we are informed that the above *(Grand)* Circus *(at Rome)* was about 2167 Roman feet in length, and 960 broad, of a semicircular form at one end, the other end in a right line, but rather circular, and that the races commonly ended at the seventh turn round the *meta;* though now and then we met with, upon extraordinary occasions, fewer heats. The number and length of the heats also vary here. The usual number of *missus,* or matches, were generally about twenty-four, though sometimes a far greater number were exhibited: for Suetonius says, that the emperor Domitian presented a hundred matches in one day. The time when the races were to begin was antiently given by sound of trumpet. Both these methods of matches, and calling the horses to the starting place, are still practised in many places in Great Britain. At these races also the Romans rode in different colours, particularly the companies of charioteers, to distinguish themselves: these were generally four, viz. *prassina* (green), *russita* (red), *alba* or *albata* (white), and the *veneta* (sky or sea-colour). The English have continued the same to this day.

Such was the fondness, too, for the favourite horses, that Montfaucon tells us (and gives a copper-plate) of a drawing from an urn, which has two inscriptions on it; the uppermost regards the horses, the lower the men, which begins with the letters D. M. and relates to the person interred therein. Over the first horse was an inscription, the meaning of which is, "That this was to the memory of the horse

Equilo,

Equilo, begot by Equilo, which had conquered 137 times, won the second prizes 88 times, and the third 37 times." In Spartian, we find that Hadrian was so fond of his horses that he built sepulchres for them; and there is yet remaining an epitaph which Salmanasius has given that begins thus—"Borysthenes, called Alanus from the country he came from, was the emperor's race-horse," &c. The epitaph under the horse was made by order of Claudia Helice, for her husband Lucius Avitus Dionisius.

Besides these horse-races at the festivities, Spartian speaks of the foot-races, which were one of the Gymnasian sports, and began after the horse and chariot races were ended.

The races in the circus maximus at Rome, were celebrated annually in the time of some of the emperors, by those of the noble and equestrian order, whose president was called *Princeps Juventutus*, a title commonly taken by the emperor's son, as frequently seen upon Roman coins. Upon many of Aurelius's coins, we find *Soli Invict*, and *Oriens Aug.* inscriptions often taken by other emperors after, and generally for the same reason as Auretian on celebrating the races at Mithras. The young figure, conjugate with Carausius on one of his coins, with a radiated crown, and a whip before him, is supposed to be his son, *Princeps Juventutis*, his presumptive heir, his copartner in the young Ascanius, who rode Mithriac games. Genebrier published two of Carausius's conjugated coins, whence, says Stukely, we may gather that the whip is often the symbol of the Mithriac courses, and that the head means no more than the son of the emperor.

It is evident they (horse-races) were used 635 years before the nativity of our Saviour, *anno mundi* 4715, now (1810) 2442 years ago. But it might be carried up 1200 years earlier than that time, because Josias destroyed the chariots of the sun in *anno mundi* 3302. It also appears that these ceremonies and diversions were used by various nations, in different countries, even to be traced to York, where the Mithriac festivities were performed, of which hore-races were a part. It likewise is evident, that these races were encouraged by the emperors of Rome and Germany, and other chiefs and rulers.

After the Romans quitted Britain, such confusion and cruel wars ensued, and continued for ages, that it is not at all surprising that horse-races were so little used among the inhabitants, who had such a series of troubles, occasioned by the Danes, and other foreign and domestic quarrels; and though the disputes betwixt the houses of York and Lancaster ended in Henry VIII. yet religious disputes in that reign, in his son, Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth's time, and the quarrels with the Scotch, other business was to be minded than barely diversions. But when James I. came to both the crowns of this island, people began to think of amusement, till the civil wars soon found the inhabitants other business.

The breed of race-horses is descended of stallions brought from the Medes, Persians, and Arabians, which they give mares to suit in size, strength, and wind; in all which we have excelled all other countries.

Roger de Belesme, created Earl of Salisbury by the Conqueror, is the first upon record that introduced a Spanish stallion into his seat

seat at Powis-land, from which that part of Wales was celebrated for a swift and generous breed of horses.

Geraldus Cambrensis, who lived in the reign of Henry II. takes notice of it: and Michael Drayton, contemporary with Shakespeare, sings their excellence in the sixth part of his Polyolbion. This breed was destined to mount the nobility and knights for feats of activity in the contests in the tilt-yard.

From these sprung, to speak the language of the times, the flower of coursers, whose excellent form added charms to the rider, and whose activity, and managed dexterity, gained him the palm in the field of romantic honour. Afterwards the gentlemen began, amongst other feats of sporting, to try the fleetness of their horses against one another, but rode themselves, without measuring the horses, or weighing the burthens they were to carry; other methods being found out afterwards, by experience, to be necessary in fair matches.

That this was the chief object in cultivating the mixed breeds, seems to be very probable, till James the First's reign, when we find horse-races at Croydon, in the South, and at Gatherly Common, a little north of Richmond, in Yorkshire, which were then famous for horse-courses; but how long they had been so before, we are not informed.

James Markham, who wrote on the management of horses in A. D. 1579, mentions running horses; but these were only designed for matches between one gentleman and another, at that time. Yet this diversion being so much esteemed, subscriptions were at last made towards purchasing a piece of plate, or making a purse, as a prize to the winning horse.

Thus gentlemen went on, breeding their horses so fine, for the sake of shape and speed only, without considering that those animals, being only second, third, or fourth rates in speed, were then quite useless, until the reign of Queen Anne, when a public-spirited gentleman, observing this inconvenience, left thirteen plates, or purses, to be run for at such places as the crown should appoint, whence they are called the king's, or queen's plate, or guineas, upon condition that each horse, mare, or gelding, should carry twelve stone weight, the best of three heats, over a four-mile course. By this method a stronger and more useful breed were soon raised; and if the horse did not win the guineas, he was yet strong enough to make a good hunter. By these crossings, as the jockies term it, we have horses of full-blood, three-quarters blood, or half-bred cattle, suitable to carry any burthens; by which means the English breed of horses are allowed to be the best, and are greatly esteemed by foreigners.

N. B. See the "*Origin and Progress of Horses and Horse-racing in this Island*," vol. i. pages 1, 82, and 120.

ALLIGATORS.

INTERESTING NARRATIVE,

Addressed to Cambaceres, by Dorvo Soulastre, Ex-Commissary of St. Domingo, who, with a few Companions in a small Passage-Boat, had been taken by an English Privateer on the Coast of Cuba.

Continued from page 166.

AS we had not yet relinquished the expectation of arriving at the *corps de garde*, we determined to pass this night as we had done the

the last, that is to say, among the branches of the cashew-tree: but it was impossible for the exhausted Spaniard to climb; his strength was completely overwhelmed with grief, (for his whole fortune lay in his vessel) as well as by age, disease, and fatigue. We were obliged to let him remain at the foot of the tree, under the care of the worthy La Prudence, who, voluntarily, without any consideration of the danger to which he exposed himself, offered to take care of him. This honest negro was a perfect model of zeal and attachment; did he know some means of rendering himself useful, he lost, instantly, every idea of trouble or fatigue, and rested not till he had afforded each of us all the services that he was able to perform. To this eulogium I must add, it is very probable that many of us must have sunk beneath the weight of our sufferings long before the moment of deliverance arrived, had it not been for his indefatigable activity. This second night was terrific, and whatever idea may be formed of it, the impression would still be feeble. To the horrors of our situation during the former night, must be added, not only faintness and the diminution of our strength, but the sight of our poor companion in misery, whose disorder increased so much during the night, that at day-break he was almost wholly insensible. He became so weak that we could not support him in a sitting posture without difficulty. While we were solicitously endeavouring to assuage his sufferings, his remaining recollection seemed entirely occupied about us, and at length, appearing to forget his pains, he addressed us in these consolatory words:——"My dear friends, I feel that my last hour is come, and that it is no longer permitted to me to share your misfortunes: whatsoever may arrive do not yield to despair; I have a *presentiment* that you will surmount these evils, and that it will not be long ere you obtain the reward due to your patience and courage. As to myself, in quitting you, I have this great consolation, that I die surrounded by Christians, who, in restoring to the earth my mortal remains, will unite their prayers to those which I address to the Father of All, that he will deign to receive me into his mercy." These were the last words which our poor companion uttered; nevertheless he retained his recollection, and ceased not to pray internally until he had sighed his last. He held a *scapulary* in his hand, which he frequently raised to his lips; and it was not until the instant in which he let it fall, that we perceived he lived no more! Thus terminated the existence of this worthy man, whose death, while it suspended the sense of our own miseries for a short time, rendered us more acutely afflicted by his loss.

Our first care, after we were certain that he had breathed his last, was to employ ourselves in burying him. His coat (in one of the pockets of which we found a small lens similar to those used by watchmakers to examine their work) served him for a shroud. and with our hands and our cutlass we dug for him a grave in the sand, tolerably deep, into which we consigned his body, after having recited over him the prayers used in the ritual of the dead, and ornamented the spot with the sacred symbol of redemption.

This solemn and melancholy ceremony, which apparently should have tended to weaken our remain-

ing

ing energies, and to diminish our courage, produced a contrary effect; it seemed to invigorate our bodies, and to redouble our resolution: so true it is, that prayer, by drawing the soul nearer to its Creator, ennobles it, elevates it, and makes it in some measure participate in his power.

I have just said that we found a magnifying glass in one of the pockets of the Spanish merchant, which he made use of in reading his breviary. It was to this instrument, which we had seen twenty times in his hands without thinking of the advantage we might derive from it, that we owed our preservation; for it is certain that we could not have passed the ensuing nights in the same manner as we had done the two preceding, without being exposed to become sooner or later the prey of the alligators, which, to our astonishment, had respected the last moments of the Spaniard; this we attributed to that repugnance common to every animal, even to the most ferocious, which makes them avoid the scene of natural death.

Our first care, when the sun was near its meridian height, was, by means of our lens, to steal from him one of his beams, and to make a large fire, of which M. Prudhomme and I took the charge, while our companions went forwards to make their discoveries, and did not return until sunset. Not only had they found neither water nor food, but they had acquired the melancholy certainty that we were not upon the continent of Cuba, but upon a small island upon its coast, which was separated from it by a canal three leagues in width.—This discovery, heart-rending as it was, produced, nevertheless, a good effect: it delivered us from the cruel state of uncertainty in which we had been for three days,—an uncertainty many times more painful than the conviction that our surmises were well-founded, and that our safety must depend upon our personal efforts. After some reflection, we agreed that there remained to us one only way of escaping destruction: it was to construct a raft: but, how to accomplish such an undertaking?—I have already said that the island upon which we were was low, producing little more than reeds and shrubs, which, in whatever quantity we might collect them, would never have formed a body sufficiently solid to bear us, or to resist the waves, which in that channel are particularly turbulent. There were indeed some trees scattered here and there on the most elevated spots: but not only were these generally at a distance from the shore, but we had no tools nor instruments to fell them, or to adapt them to our purpose. Still this idea was too attractive to be rejected; and by continually indulging it, we at length so far persuaded ourselves of the possibility of its execution, that in less than an hour not one of us doubted of the certainty of his preservation. The wretched are not difficult in the choice of their hopes: they see in all their projects the termination of their misery: all their conclusions are directed to one point, and the circumstances which may arise, do not impede the velocity of their minds; their imagination refuses to reflect, and even rejects the most manifest impediments, with the dread of beholding the flattering illusion dissipated which consoles them, and, for a moment, blunts the sense of misery.

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These pleasing ideas, united to the certainty of being able to pass a comfortable night, stretched at our ease on the sand, surrounded by good fires, and without any thing to fear from the alligators, which had hitherto caused us so much terror;—these ideas, I say, caused our supper of saline herbs and dog-grass to appear excellent. We quenched our thirst with water of the marsh, but with more precaution than on the preceding evening, and therefore with less inconvenience. We made three fires, and laid ourselves at our length in the space they encompassed. Each of us by turns kept watch to attend to the fires, and thus we passed an excellent night, which was not only free from uneasiness, but was embellished with the most seductive hope.

The next morning we awoke fresh and cheerful, and we conversed upon the means of putting our project into execution. A little fresh water which the indefatigable La Prudence had collected from those wild artichokes which I have already mentioned, added farther to our comforts, and augmented our expectations, but as we were on the side of the island most distant from the main land, we resolved to travel across to the other shore: this enterprise had numerous difficulties, and although the northern coast was not more than two leagues from the point whence we departed, yet the journey took up the whole of the day. Still this was preferable to the attempt to double the point of the island on a raft, which is always ungovernable when it meets with a current contrary to the course in which it is to be navigated.

It was not without a farewel-sight of the tomb of the poor Spaniard, nor without paying his memory the respect of our mutual regret, that we quitted this spot, the scene of our affliction, our despair, and our hopes; but the project which we had formed had so many charms, that it speedily concentrated all our ideas. It was indeed our only expectation—our last resource. As we walked, it formed the incessant subject of our conversation; and we spoke of it as of a measure, the execution of which was indubitable. We thus re-animated our courage and renewed our strength. In all the circumstance, and in every station of life, man delights to lull his reason with chimeras: he will even quit the real pleasures which he enjoys, to indulge his imagination in the creation of those which do not exist. He trespasses, madman as he is, upon the sacred rights of the unfortunate! Illusion is the territory of the unhappy—the blessings which it produces are to them real; they soften the sensation of present evil, they strengthen their souls in the toils of adversity, and enable them to arrive at the termination of their miseries.

After a journey of seven hours, we arrived at length on the other coast of the island. Our feet were torn by thorns, and began to refuse their support; and those among us who wore boots, had their legs so swollen, that they were obliged to cut the leather to obtain relief. But whatever were our sufferings, one single look towards the opposite coast immediately overcame our sense of them, and a thick smoke, which we beheld rising through the trees that bordered the strand, transformed this country to a new Eden in our idea, in which our imagination presented us already, the oblivion of our miseries, and the

the enjoyments of the land of promise.

After a meal of herbs and roots, we began our work. The strongest attacked the trees at their roots, while the rest stripped them of their bark, or went in search of reeds. When our materials were united, we delivered ourselves up to our occupations, with an ardour of which our situation can alone suggest an idea.

Night interrupted our labours; we made up our fires, and thought of taking that repose which our journey and our work had rendered more than ever necessary to us. We enjoyed our rest in its fullest extent, until the moment when the dawn broke the charm of sleep, and embellished our waking hours with all that the most deceitful imagination renders seductive.

Resolved to depart on the morning of the next day, we busied ourselves on the construction of our raft. We had collected materials, and nothing remained but to put them in order. Capt. Durand was our engineer.

He began by instructing us to lash our wood together with the green bark of trees and reeds, and thus we succeeded, little by little, in fabricating a flat machine, to one of the ends of which we fastened a piece of wood that might serve us as a rudder. Our work being finished, we moored our masterpiece firmly to the sandy bank, and went to rest at no great distance, still contemplating the spot that held the long-laboured means of our expected safety.

Alas! the stroke of misfortune had not yet spent its force; we were doomed to feel every degree of affliction, and to arrive slowly at the termination of misery!

We had slept two or three hours, surrounded by numerous fires, which we had entrusted to the care of La Prudence, when we were suddenly aroused by loud claps of thunder, which rolled over our heads. The sky was in flames with lightning: the clouds, heaped upon one another, reflected the most terrific hues, more or less vivid, as they were more or less opaque, while the whole appeared so closely embodied round us, that we seemed to be in the very bosom of a volcano.

Our ideas were naturally directed to our raft. Hitherto it had been the centre of our hopes, but at this moment it attracted all our fears. As I have already said, we had constructed it on the strand, where we firmly moored it; but as the sea rose in immense billows, and even dashed over the eminence on which we were, we perpetually questioned each other if it could be supposed possible, that the waves would respect this last plank of our shipwrecked expectations? Alas, our mutual fears were too well founded! The greedy ocean had dragged it into its deep abyss, and there remained for us, on the return of light, nothing but despair and death.

At this sight we stood immovable and lifeless: for some hours we had not even the courage to speak, much less to attempt any new resource. To this deplorable situation another trouble was superadded. Hitherto we had all preserved our health: setting aside that uneasiness which is ever the consequence of continued misfortune, we had found sufficient strength to contend with all the wants that assailed us; but the moment in which we beheld the termination of our cherished hope, the force and courage which had until now sustained us vanished, and we fell into a faint

and

and lifeless stupor, which must infallibly have terminated in death, if that sentiment which ever recalls man to the care of his preservation, had not given a small portion of energy to our hearts that had almost ceased to beat.

"Come!" exclaimed Capt. Durand, starting up, with an accent that bordered upon desperation,—"when life is to be preserved, every means is lawful!—in our present state we must have food, otherwise of six, not one will long remain alive, but we must die one after another, the death of madmen!—We must not hesitate—the death of one must assure the preservation of the rest:—I have chosen my victim!"—In uttering these dreadful words, he made a leap towards poor La Prudence, whom he seized by the hair, and brandishing the cutlass which he held in the other hand, he was about to strike our unfortunate companion; when a fearful cry of horror, which burst from us all at once, arrested his murderous arm, and gave his victim an opportunity of disengaging himself from the arm that held him. But what now was the conduct of this victim? Young, robust, and stronger alone than all the rest of us together; what, if he profit by the advantages which he possesses, to disarm and beat to the earth the monster who would have slain him, and whose hand still threatens his existence!—In one word, ye philosophers, shall vengeance or generosity actuate the bosom of a slave?—La Prudence is more than generous!—he might make his adversary tremble, from whose repentant hand the steel has just dropped,—but no—he becomes a suppliant,—he begs his life, which, should his executioner refuse, his attitude, (for he has thrown himself upon his knees), shews him ready to resign, as the last proof of his attachment: he addresses himself to all—he seeks compassion of all whom his late services have benefited. "O masses, white mans not kill I—poor La Prudence!—do all for white mans: the good God help us!"

What extremes are there in nature, and how frequently does she delight to unite them in the same individual! What opposite sentiments agitated at the same instant the soul of Capt. Durand, whose heart was naturally benevolent, sensible, and generous:—with what astonishing rapidity did he return from a state of ferocity to the softest sentiments of compassion and humanity! He could not support his emotions; he shook through all his limbs—he fell, but it was into the arms of his negro slave, who is become for life, his brother—his friend!—He presses him to his heart,—he shed tears upon his face,—their tears unite, while our's flow in abundance; and the spot which was on the point of becoming the theatre of the most horrible murder, displays the triumph of humanity!

But what are we to do?—our strength exhausted, we must perish with hunger before we can collect the materials necessary for the construction of another raft. Providence will still have mercy upon us, and the instrument which it employs to assure us of our deliverance, is to be the same man, who, a moment before, one of us had destined to become the most direful of all sacrifices!

While we were yet pensive and without hope, La Prudence ran towards us with speed, his joy deprived him of the power of utterance. Capt. Durand and Pierre ran

ran towards him, and we soon followed their steps. But what were our transports when we perceived a large alligator stretched lifeless along the shore, and which the retiring ebb had left upon the strand. It had no putrid smell, its flesh was fresh and white, and it seemed to have but that moment expired. To make a fire,—to broil what we intended to eat, and to hang slices in the smoke, that we might preserve this precious gift of Providence, was the business of an instant.—How delicious was our repast! and with what ardour was it followed by the enterprise which we commenced!

By the evening of the next day we had collected together as much wood as was necessary for the construction of a second raft, and the most difficult part of the work was completed. We now had fears of nothing but a second tempest. The alligator afforded us sufficient nourishment, and drought was our only suffering. We had indeed habituated ourselves to the marshy water, which we drank in small quantities, and thereby experienced considerable relief, without any great inconvenience. At length the moment of our departure arrived; and, after a quiet night, which was followed by a magnificent sun-rise, we confided ourselves to our frail machine; while, with one accord, we offered up an ardent and sincere prayer.

We were seven hours in making the voyage of those three leagues which separated us from the main land. We had departed praying, and when we arrived we heard the lowing of an ox; we were on the borders of a forest, which we determined to enter, and to make our way towards the spot from whence the sound proceeded. It was, however, not before the next day that we arrived at a hut inhabited by a Creole family, who kept there a sort of suttling house, where the soldiers of the neighbouring station, who were undoubtedly the *corps de garde* mentioned by the English, came to regale themselves.

The commanding officer of the station being made acquainted with our arrival, came to see us, and had the kindness to provide us with mules to carry us in two days to Batavano, and from thence to the Havanna, where, in the house of M. Trabuc, receiver of the dues of the French government on prizes, who discharged the functions of commercial consul, we met with all the aids of the most open and cordial hospitality. My companions had equal reason to be thankful for his kindness: he accommodated them with bed and board until each of them was able to exist on sources of his own.

GLANDERED HORSES.

Report of a Cause tried at the Lincoln County Assizes during the present Month.

George Bennett *v.* Thomas Bingham.

SERJEANT Vaughan, in an entertaining speech, informed the Jury, that the present action was not brought merely to recover the value of a horse: it was founded on a case of peculiar atrocity, which required a signal punishment. The frauds and tricks of horse-dealers were proverbial, but most of those tricks were jokes compared with what he should in the present case lay before the Court. Bingham, the defendant, was one of the horse-dealing fraternity, and had made an immense fortune by his practice. The plaintiff was a young man, just entering on

on a farm and into life: on the 11th of December he went to Kirton fair, to which Bingham had sent a glandered horse, by the hands of another person, because he, even he, was ashamed to be seen with it himself. The man would not warrant the horse as sound, but said merely that he believed him to be so: the plaintiff, therefore, who had been looking at the animal, would not buy him. Bingham, however, soon met the young man, and declared that his servant was a d—d fool, and he (Bingham) would warrant the horse sound for sixpence. Accordingly the horse was bought: but as the plaintiff was not to enter on his farm immediately, he sent him to the farm of a friend, a Mr. Dudding, who paid dearly enough for accommodating the animal with a home, for two of his horses soon died of the glanders taken from this beast.—"But I am not," said the Serjeant, "going to give you, gentlemen, the long catalogue of deaths occasioned by this lump of infection; for I should then so swell the bills of mortality, that his Lordship would not be able to pronounce an adequate funeral oration!—Suffice it to say, that he was ultimately conveyed to Mr. Bennett's farm, where were eight fine horses that he had purchased. —Observe, gentlemen, that this glandered beast had been sold before, and had been taken to a famous veterinary surgeon, who declared him incurable. The surgeon, on that occasion, advised the dealer to take him again; and the horse-dealer declared that if he had been at home, he should not have been sold to the person who had bought him of his son; that he intended to send him to Stockwith fair, and sell him to some Scotchman, with whom he would travel North, and he (the defendant) should hear no more of him. I suppose the man from beyond the Tweed was expected to look upon the horse's disease as *the Scotch fiddle*, a cutaneous affection, with which he was too familiar to be alarmed! Soon after the horse made his appearance at Mr. Bennett's, two of *his* horses died, and two more were taken ill, and are now worse than dead, being an expense without hope: my client had better have put pistols to their heads than have suffered them to live, had it not been that he would not be said to hasten their deaths, and take an unfair advantage of the circumstance. They are now dragging on a miserable existence; and a fifth is likewise to be soon in as wretched a state. Our demand from you, therefore, is for the value of these horses:—but you are also to take into the account, that my client has not been able to work his farm, in consequence of this unprincipled conduct of the defendant: if he go to market he dare not go on horseback, for nobody will take in his horse: he must, therefore, travel on foot: or, if a neighbour lend him a horse, he is obliged to tie him to a gate at a distance from his infected dwelling, and the plaintiff must walk there to mount him. In short, gentlemen, this man has brought a plague upon his house: the injury has been of a nature and extent almost incalculable; and I look to you for large and handsome damages.

Joseph Dunning, a farmer, was at Kirton fair with the plaintiff, and corroborated the circumstances of the purchase, and what the defendant had said of warranting the horse, viz. that he had had the

staangles

strangles, but was sound, and had worked with other horses all the wheat-seed time. He saw the purchase, which was thirty-six guineas: his boy led the horse home to his (witness's) premises: the animal was unwell, and seemed to have some cold, as he supposed, and a running at the nose.—None of his horses had been affected by the strangles before, but afterwards two of them were: they worked with that bought of the defendant, and the whole ran in and out of a stable and yard together.

The evidence of William Kitchen, servant to Mr. Bennett, who took the horse back to the defendant; of Mr. John Thompson and Mr. William Thompson, and of Mr. Hutchinson, the farrier, went to corroborate what he had stated in the opening of the case; and as the defendant had no witnesses to call, and could not dispute the value of the horses that had died, a verdict was given for Mr. Bennett, amounting to 150l.; the two first horses being estimated at 40l. each, the two next at 25l. each, and there being a balance of 7l. 10s. due upon the horse returned.

In publishing this report we cannot but remark on the illiberality of Serjeant Vaughan, for his indiscriminate censure of the *fraternity* of horse-dealers. Were the learned Serjeant to take the trouble to satisfy himself, he would find about as many honest horse-dealers as honest lawyers.

ACCOUNT OF A PIG-POINTER.

From the Rev. W. Bingley's Memoirs of British Quadrupeds.

THOSE persons who have attended at all to the manners of swine have observed, that they are by no means deficient in sagacity; but the short lives that we allow them, and the general confinement they undergo, prevent their improvement in this respect. We, however, have frequently heard of "learned pigs;" and we know that Toomer, formerly the game-keeper of Sir H. P. St. John Mildmay, actually broke in a black sow, to find game, back, and stand, nearly as well as a pointer.

This sow, which was a thin, long-legged animal, (one of the ugliest of the New-forest breed) when very young, took a great partiality to some pointer puppies, that Toomer, the under-keeper, of Broomy-Lodge, in the New-forest, was breaking. It played, and often came to feed, with them. From this circumstance it occurred to Toomer (to use his own expression) that, having broke many a dog as obstinate as a pig, he would try if he could not also succeed in breaking a pig. The little animal would often go about with the puppies to some distance from home; and he enticed it farther by a sort of pudding made of barley-meal, which he carried in one of his pockets. The other he filled with stones, which he threw at the pig whenever she misbehaved, as he was not able to catch and correct her in the same manner that he did his dogs. He informed Sir Henry Mildmay, that he found the animal very tractable, and that he soon taught her what he wished by this mode of reward and punishment. Sir Henry Mildmay says, that he has frequently seen her out with Toomer, when she quartered her ground as regularly as any pointer, stood when she came on game, (having an excellent nose) and backed other dogs as well as he ever saw a pointer. When she came on the cold scent

scent of game, she slackened her trot, and gradually dropt her ears and tail till she was certain, and then fell down on her knees. So staunch was she, that she would frequently remain five minutes and upwards upon her point. As soon as the game rose, she always returned to Toomer, grunting very loudly for her reward of pudding, if it was not immediately given to her. When Toomer died, his widow sent the pig to Sir Henry Mildmay, who kept it for three years; but never used it, except for the purpose of occasionally amusing his friends: in doing this, a fowl was put in a cabbage-net, and hidden amongst the fern in some part of the park, and the extraordinary animal never failed to point it, in the manner above-described. Sir Henry was, at length, obliged to part with this sow, from a circumstance as singular as the other occurrences of her life. A great number of lambs had been lost, nearly as soon as they were dropped; and a person being sent to watch the flock, the animal was detected in the very act of destroying a lamb. This carnivorous propensity was ascribed to her having been accustomed to feed with the other dogs, and to eat the flesh on which they were fed. Sir Henry sent her back to Mrs. Toomer, who sold her to Mr. Sykes, of Brookwood, in the New-forest, where she died the usual death of a pig, and was converted into bacon.

MESS. COATES AND MR. BURDON'S STUDS.

A Complete Statement of the Stud of the late Mr. John Coates and Sons, of Castle Leavington, near Yarm:—likewise of that of Thomas Burdon, Esq. of Stainton Vale, also near Yarm, Yorkshire. (Mr. Burdon's death was announced in our Magazine for June last, page 138.)

Horses', &c. Names.	Got by.	Dams, &c.	When foaled.
*Lass of the Mill	Oroonoko	Own Sister to Mr. Clarke's Lass of the Mill, by Old Traveller	1756
Ladylegs	Slouch	Sister to Lass of the Mill, by Old Traveller	1758
†Young Davy	Scampston Cade	Lass of the Mill, by Oroonoko	1760
Calliope	Slouch	Lass of the Mill, by Oroonoko	1763
‡North-Briton	Adolphus	Calliope's dam	1764
‖Melpomene	Alcides	North-Briton's dam	1765

Young

* *Lass of the Mill*, after breeding Young Davy, was trained for the Royal Plate at Hambleton, but was beat by Ceres, Flashing Molly, &c. after which she won 50l. at Scarborough, and was again put to the horse.

† *Young Davy* was a good Plate Horse, having won fourteen fifties, and received a premium.

‡ *North-Briton* won seven 50l. Plates.

‖ *Melpomene* won two Stakes of 400gs. each, a King's Plate, a Purse of 95gs. a Silver Cup, and six fifties:—After which, she was sold to Mr. Wentworth,

Horses', &c. Names.	Got by.	Dams, &c.	When foaled.
*Young Match'em	Match'em	Melpomene's dam	1767
†North-Star	Match'em	Young Match'em's dam	1768
‡Atalanta	Match'em	North-Star's dam	1769
Picture	Jalap	Atalanta's dam	1770
Thalia	Adolphus	Calliope, by Slouch	1770
‖Captive	Match'em	Calliope, by Slouch	1771
Justice	Swiss	OldEngland, Regulus, Sedbury	1773
§Orpheus	Le Sang	Calliope, by Slouch	1774
¶Duchess	Le Sang	Orpheus's dam	1775
Whitelegs	Le Sang	Duchess's dam	1776
Czarina	Babram-Blank	Melpomene, by Alcides	1777
Bay Filly	Picture	Dainty-Davy	1778
Bay Filly	King Herod	Pyrrha, by Match'em	1780
Pyrrhus	Picture		1781

Wentworth, during her racing for 500gs. in whose possession she won three King's Plates, and a Silver Cup.—She never raced after six years old.—Czarina was her only produce, for she unfortunately broke her neck before the foal was weaned.

* *Young Match'em* got lamed when young, and was sold for a stallion.—He was sire of Royal Slave, Wonderful, &c.

† *North-Star* won a Match of 1200gs. and one of 300gs.; also a King's Plate, a Purse of 100gs. and one of 100l. also six Fifties.

‡ *Atalanta* won a Stakes of 100gs. an 80l. Plate, and six fifties:—After which, she was sold to Mr. Vernon for 600gs. in whose possession she won two King's Plates, and a Stakes of 300gs. a Match of 200gs. a Gold Cup, a Plate of 60gs. and two fifties:—She was sold to Mr. Garforth, who raced her only once, when she won a 50l. Plate at York.—At three and four years old, she had uncommon speed, and would have won several other races had she not run out of the course.—She was a very valuable Brood-Mare, and was the dam of Faith, Youug Pacolet, Harold, Rosalind, Flora, Yarico, &c.—*Faith* was the dam of Brilliant, Caroline, Dïon, Marcia, Vesta, &c.

‖ *Captive*, when three years old, won 50l. at York, and was then sold to Mr. Vernon for 1000gs. in whose possession she won a Stakes of 525gs. and one of 70gs.; a Match of 200gs. a King's Plate; and received four forfeits, viz. 250gs. 100gs. and twice 500gs.—Captive was the dam of Paulina, by Florizel, that bred Paul, Director, Miss Guildford, Kidney, Hermione, Lady Jane, Hind, &c.

§ *Orpheus* won five Stakes, viz. 400gs. 100gs. 130gs. 100gs. and 90gs.; a Subscription-Purse of 268l. 15s.; three King's Plates; 100l. Plate, and five fifties.—He was an uncommon good runner.

¶ *Duchess* won five Stakes, viz. 220gs. 160l. 750gs. 190gs. and 60gs.; a Subscription-Purse of 268l. 15s. and one of 277l. 10s.; a Match of 100gs.; five King's Plates; two Gold Cups, value 100gs. each; two Plates of 100l. each; and seven fifties.—She started thirty-one times, out of which she was beat eight.—She was a stout good runner, and at three, four, and five years old had great speed.

 Bay

Horses', &c. Names.	Got by.	Dams, &c.	When foaled.
Bay Filly	Phlegon	Orpheus's dam	1781
*Omphale	Highflyer	Calliope, by Slouch	1781
†Omen	Young Marsk	Whitelegs, by Le Sang	1783
‡Sir John Falstaff	Shark	Calliope	1783
Centaur	Orpheus	Whitelegs, by Le Sang	1784
Chesnut Filly	Magnet	Calliope	1784
§Ticket	Orpheus	King Herod, out of Pyrrha	1784
Nicety	Picture	Duchess, by Le Sang	1785
‖Toothdrawer	Orpheus	King Herod, out of Pyrrha	1785
Cestus	Tandem	Whitelegs, by Le Sang	1786
Fortitude	Phenomenon	Whitelegs	1787
Chesnut Filly	Phenomenon	Calliope	1788
Prince, *alias* Corporal	King Fergus	Omphale	1788
¶Restless	Phenomenon	Duchess	1788
Captive	King Fergus	Magnet, out of Calliope	1790
Curranto	Young Morwick	Omphale	1791
Tarquin	Ruler	Omphale	1792
Spankaway	Ruler	Phenomenon, out of Calliope	1792
Maskwell	Young Marsk	Spankaway's dam	1793
Duchess	Windlestone	Duchess, by Le Sang	1794
Lilliputian	Young Marsk	Maskwell's dam	1794
**Bay Filly	A swin Sister to Lilliputian		1794
††Lopcatcher	Young Marsk	Omphale	1794
Spiderbrusher	Young Marsk	Lilliputian's dam	1795
Valiant	Weathercock	Duchess, by Le Sang	1796
Hyale	Pipator	Omphale	1797

And a great many others.

* *Omphale* won very easy the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster, with only seven weeks' training.—She also won a Stakes of 160gs. and two fifties.

† *Omen* won three Matches, viz. 100gs. 25gs. and 50gs.; also eight fifties:—He received 200gs. 20l. and twice 20gs.

‡ *Sir John Falstaff* won two King's Plates, and seven fifties.

§ *Ticket* won a Stakes of 140gs. and one of 100gs.; also seven fifties.

‖ *Toothdrawer* was sold to Mr. Garforth, and won four fifties.—He was afterwards sold into Russia.

¶ *Restless* was sold, at two years old, to the present Duke of Hamilton.—He won a Stakes of 70gs. a King's Plate, a Purse of 100gs. and two fifties.—He broke down at York, was a stallion about nine years, and was then sold into America.

** *The Twin Sister of Lilliputian* was the dam of Mr. Mellish's Bradbury, &c.—He was got by Delpini, and is about sixteen hands and an inch high.

†† *Lopcatcher* was sold to Sir H. T. Vane, Bart.—She won a Stakes of 60gs. and one of 70gs.; a Match of 200gs.; a King's Plate; a Gold Cup, value 100gs.; a Silver Cup, value 50gs.; and two fifties.—(For their further Pedigrees and Performances, see Pick's Turf Register.)

BONNY

H. B. Chalon pinx^t. H. R. Cook sculp.

Bonny Lass

Published, Sepr. 1. 1810. by J. Wheble, Warwick Square, London.

BONNY LASS.

An Etching.

BONNY Lass is one of the hounds belonging to the Earl of Darlington, and among the best in his Lordship's pack. The picture from which this etching is executed, as likewise that of Costive, given in our Magazine for May, were painted by Mr. Chalon, for his Lordship, who most obligingly granted permission to our Engraver to copy them; and also the picture of a favourite mare Flora; (all of which were exhibited at the Royal Academy this year) the last mentioned is in the artist's hands, and will be given, highly finished, in a future number.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES AT HARROW FAIR, 1810.

HARROW Fair was held, as usual, on the first Monday in August, and was attended by all the gay and beautiful in the neighbourhood.

Harrow has been famed in ages past for the valorous spirit of its youth; and, in the memory of some of the oldest inhabitants, the reverend master of its Collegiate School has been seen leading forth his head boys to try their mettle at cudgels, and wrestling, in the rings of the neighbouring villages, when crowded by the brave, emulous of distinction, at the annual festivals of the saints, patrons of their several parishes; and they still talk with rapture of the wonderful prowess of a scholar, of the name of Julian. Of course much sport was expected at the ancient game of back-sword, which had been announced; but, at the taking of the ring, a fierce hero, first skirmisher of the 2d regiment of Royal Horse Guards, ycleped Chapman, mighty breaker of heads, renowned champion of Hants, who has long been cried down, for forty miles round, jumped in, and, taking up a basket hilt, laid claim to the prize.—The gamesters muttered—all Harrow trembled.—In vain did the umpires expostulate; nay, attempt to bribe him to withdraw: he stalked, unmoved, round the ring, tauntingly challenging the lookers on to enter and dispute his claim. At length, impatient of his vaunts, one Bush threw in his hat in defiance; they met, measured weapons, shook hands, and set-to. In the first two bouts, Bush received some severe blows; but in the third, while the man of war, holding him cheap, was directing a heavy blow at his thigh, Bush threw in quick a chop, which drew blood in the lip of Chapman, to the extreme delight of the spectators, and the mortification of the vanquished.

Afterwards, several excellent matches were played, by both young and old gamesters, till the far-famed Edney and Bush, being winners of most heads, met to contend for the superiority.—They played a full hour, displaying much skill and intrepidity, till the red blood gently trickled down the head of Edney. The generous victor bestowed half the prize on his sturdy opponent; and, retiring to a booth, they drowned together all animosity in a tankard of porter.

PRIZE FIGHTING.

THE match which has been spoken of, between Blake, the pugilist, and a black man of the name

name of Molineaux, who entered the boxing list with a Bristol man, in Tothil-fields, a few weeks since, took place on Tuesday, the 21st of August, on the spot where Richmond and Maddox fought, four miles from Margate, and two from Reculvers. Molineaux is an American, from the State of New-York; weighs between thirteen and fourteen stone, and stands five feet nine inches high. He has lately arrived in England, and having found out Richmond, the black pugilist, his countryman, and having a notion he could beat the most celebrated professors of boxing in London, he was matched against a stout Bristol man, whom he vanquished with great ease; and he was afterwards matched for one hundred guineas against Blake, a pugilist of forty, and of no mean notoriety, he having struggled hard with Crib and other boxers of first-rate. At an early hour on Tuesday morning every vehicle from Margate, Ramsgate, Broadstairs, &c. was put in motion for the field of action; and boxing being somewhat novel to the Kentish men, the ring was more numerously and respectably attended than the ordinary exhibitions on Moulsey Hurst, or Old Oak Common. At one o'clock, Blake was driven up to the ring in a Baronet's barouche, with the champions Crib and Gibbons, his seconds; and in a few minutes after, Richmond introduced Molineaux. They set-to at half past one, and betting was six and seven to four on Blake.

Round 1. Cautious sparring for about a minute, when Blake put in right and left on his adversary's body, and stopped his return hits. They closed and fought at best, but Blake slipped from the arms of the Black, who gave him a violent chopping blow on the back of the neck as he was getting away, and repeated it over the head with the right hand, which knocked Blake down.—Even betting.

2. Blake made play again, but the strength of two or three well-planted hits was not sufficient to move the Black off his legs. He received the blows with great coolness, and at length he beat down Blake's guard with his left hand, and knocked him down with the right, with a quickness which would have been an ornament to the science of Dutch Sam or Young Belcher.—Six to four on the Black.

3. The Black run in at his adversary to take advantage of apparent distress in wind. He, however, was received by Blake with a chattering facer on the jaw. A smart rally followed, and both fell; Blake undermost.

4. A hard round, but it was such a one that convinced the judges of boxing that Blake had trained off. The Black rendered his adversary's guard useless, by breaking through it with the strength of hitting; and although Blake planted as many blows as his adversary, yet they had not the same effect, as Blake's head most hideously exemplified. —The round lasted above two minutes, with obstinate ruffianing fighting; and Blake, after having made a good body hit, was knocked down.—Five to two on the Black.

5. Blake met his man, bleeding very freely, and he rushed at a rally, which shewed he possessed the same courage as he had often displayed in former battles. In the rally, the Black got his left arm round Blake's neck; he held his head up with his left hand, whilst he fibbed him with the right in the face, until Blake fell from loss of blood, and the ground resembled the floor of a slaughter-house.

6. The Black set to work to beat his

his man off hand, and he rushed at him, chopped down his guard with his left hand, and hit him off his legs with his right hand, by a tremendous quick and heavy hit. Any odds against Blake.

7. A smart rally made by Blake, in which several blows were exchanged; but Blake was too weak to harm the hard frame of the Black, and he fell from weakness.

8. In this, the last round, the Black set to work as in the 6th round, but Blake retreated as far as he could, and then he was oblig- ed to rally, to extricate himself from the iron grasp of his sturdy adversary. He planted a hit on the Black's cheek, which was returned by one on the head, which set Blake sleeping for a short time. He was not able to appear in time, and he was most horribly beat about the head. The winner received some sharp hits about the body, and he had a fracture or two in the face. The battle lasted seventeen minutes.

Remarks.—The Black, who is twenty-six years of age, threatens to *mill* the whole race of fighters of the day; and, as he has entered the list with a determination to do so, he is a man not unlikely to succeed. He has improved since his first battle. He hit at half-arm at that time, but in this battle he dealt out his blows from the shoulder, and gave the effect and strength of his body with his hits, which are sufficient to stun a bullock. Another requisite he possesses, which is important, that of quickness, and his body seems callous to fistic punishment. Blake has considerably fallen off. Molineaux has taken lessons from Richmond frequently since his battle with the Bristol man, and he has acquired the art of giving, while nature has endowed him with the gift of taking. He has challenged Cribb, who is the first professor, Gully having declined fighting again; and a battle will take place, as Cribb has accepted the challenge, in about six weeks.

WELLESLEY GREY AND CHESNUT ARABIANS.

TWO Arabians, a grey and a chesnut, were, some years since, imported from India by the Hon. Gentleman whose name they bear. The grey Arabian, a horse of great substance and power, has got several winners of short races at Newmarket, the property of the Earl of Jersey; but it has not yet come to our knowledge, that any of the get of the Chesnut Arabian have been trained; the horse will, however, doubtless, have his chance, being the property of the Earl of Oxford, and covering at Brampton Brian, near Knighton, Herefordshire, at five guineas and a half for bred, and three guineas and a half for half-bred mares. The chesnut appears to be a shewy and beautiful horse; neither of them, however, in the opinion of Mr. Lawrence, in his History of the Horse, is a true Arabian Courser; but, in all probability, the produce of a mixture of Arabian and Persian, or Syrian blood, which seems to be the case of most of the Eastern horses, imported under the general name of Arabians.

In the year 1802 we were politely favoured with a drawing, sent from India, of Young Patrician, a grey Arabian, stated to be the property of the Most Noble the Marquis of Wellesley; a print of which was then engraved and given in the Sporting Magazine for De-

cember in that year: whether this be the same grey horse, as mentioned above, we are unable at present to say.—A portrait of the chesnut was given in our Magazine for May, with a promise of some further account of him, conformably to which, we submit to our readers the foregoing.—Should we acquire any further knowledge of the grey, it shall be mentioned in some future number.

DASHING TROTTERS, WITH NOTES OF ADMIRATION!!!

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

My old and worthy Friend,

SOME time since, probably in the last or the year preceding, I took up a page in your entertaining miscellany in remarking on the wonderful, strange, surprising, unheard-of performance of Mr. Michael Weston's gelding, which, with a carriage weighing a considerable number of ounces, prepared for the important purpose, and the skilful exertions of Mr. Hull, the driver, trotted, on the smoothest and most level road in England, FOURTEEN MILES IN ONE HOUR!

Passing through Conduit-street yesterday, I observed a very shewy plate of this wonderful performance, in which the driver appears as knowing as the youth upon his nag does, in Harry Bunbury's charming piece, entitled, "The Mistaken Notion."—Now, most certainly, my old sporting friend, it is a proof of the ability to make haste on an errand, in any horse which can trot fourteen miles in one hour, whether in or out of harness; and it is likewise a strong proof of the fashionable fondness for puffing, when a man makes such a public botheration about a performance of which thousands of horses also are capable—for in truth, and in the knowledge of every trotting jockey of tolerable experience, there are not only many horses capable of trotting fourteen miles in one hour, drawing a walnut-shell over a level road, but even of performing the same task in a common buggy, over the common turnpike-road, and carrying two light persons.

But Mr. Weston has of late achieved even a more wonderful feat, and doubtless will oblige the public with another smart plate; at least, as a friend to the artists, I hope so. He has, in the same, or another egg-shell of similar weight and construction, trotted a horse one hundred miles in twelve hours. *Bien!* expeditious enough in all conscience, and another proof of the unequalled goodness of the English nag—and so far, so good, had it not been for the inveterate itch of puffing—of heroics, and of notes of admiration, I know not how many deep!!!!!—Such expedition is truly admirable; but far more admirable would it have been, if the English nag, which is known, by repeated experiments, to be capable of exerting the wonderful speed in his trot, of more than after the rate of twenty-two miles in one hour, should fail, either of the ability of trotting fourteen miles within an hour, or of one hundred miles in twelve hours, the lightest possible machine being contrived for him to draw.—But to the point at once. Some years ago, a man in Bishopsgate-street, for a considerable sum, trotted his horse, in his common chaise, one hundred miles over the common road, within less than twelve hours.—I am not

not sure, that it was not performed in eleven hours; which, in all probability, the former pages of the *Sporting Magazine* will determine. —I remain, a friend to modest merit, and, very truly your's,

AN OLD JOCKEY.

Aug. 18, 1810.

SIR M. STAPLETON AND MR. CLARKE.

An Action for Trespass, tried at the York Summer Assizes.

Clarke *v.* Sir M. Stapleton and others.

THIS was an action of trespass, brought by the plaintiff, Mr. Heaton Clarke, against Sir M. Stapleton and his huntsman and whipper-in, for a trespass, in ranging over a close of the plaintiff's, at Ellingthorp, after the plaintiff had served Sir M. with notice to the contrary. The plaintiff only went for nominal damages. The delivery of the notice to the defendant, about the 7th of November last, was proved, and a copy of it produced. It appeared from the evidence of two other witnesses for the plaintiff, that on the 22d of December last, Sir M. Stapleton's hounds having lost a hare they had been running, the huntsman and whipper-in beat over a field of the plaintiff's, called the Six Acres Close, and had some conversation with the witnesses, who were working in that or the adjoining field, about the hare. One of the witnesses acknowledged having told them that he saw the hare in the Six Acres. Sir M. Stapleton was half a close length off when the huntsman and whipper-in went into the field, and did not follow them, but sat on horseback in a garth adjoining. The witnesses deposed, that after he came up, he bid the other defendants try across the Six Acres, in which they staid about half an hour. They did not see a Mr. Walker, nor any other person along with Sir M. who was on the other side of the hedge. The hare had been started some time before the pack came into the plaintiff's premises.

Mr. Scarlet, in a very neat speech, on the part of the defendants, said, that he was no follower of the chase himself, and therefore could not enter into the feelings of sportsmen so well, perhaps, as several of the jury would do: but even had his clients trespassed upon the plaintiff's grounds to the extent stated, the offence was one which he thought might easily be excused, on the ground, that sometimes the ardour of pursuit would lead a sportsman to transgress the strict bounds of prudence. In this case, the hare had been started, not in the lands of the plaintiff, but in another parish; and before Sir M. Stapleton came up, the last witness acknowledged having informed the huntsman and whipper-in that the hare was in that field.—Sir M. from the plaintiff's own witnesses, it was clear, never was in his grounds at all: it would also be proved by some gentlemen who were present, but whom the witnesses for the plaintiff did not appear to have seen, that upon his coming up to the side of the field in question, so far was he from intending to trespass upon the plaintiff's premises, or from encouraging his servants to do so, that he immediately called them away. As to the notice which had been given to Sir M. it was not proved that the huntsman and whipper-in knew of it; and they had even entered the Six Acres some time

time before their master came up to them, on the suggestion of the plaintiff's own workmen. Yet the record charged them with having committed the trespass, by the command of their master. As the plaintiff's declaration was therefore incontrovertibly false, he submitted that the defendants must be acquitted. The merits of the present case, he understood, laid deeper than the mere question of a petty trespass, even if this had been proved. It was a dispute, he understood, about the manor itself: but upon this point he was precluded from entering, by the nature of the action. He could not sit down, however, without remarking upon what he thought unhandsome conduct on the part of the plaintiff. He knew nothing, it appeared, of any other person being present at the time, save his own witnesses, Sir M. Stapleton, and the huntsman and whipper-in: and therefore the two latter were joined in the record, to prevent them from giving evidence on behalf of their master.

Mr. Scarlet proceeded to call Mr. Joseph Walker, agent to Sir M. Stapleton, and who was present with him at the time of the alledged trespass, who deposed that he and witness came up to the hedge some little time after the huntsman and whipper-in had entered the plaintiff's field; and that so far from Sir M.'s giving them any directions to try across it, as the other witnesses had sworn, he was very angry they had gone thither at all, as he said he was sure the hare had not taken that way. Witness was so near to Sir M. and the former witnesses at such a distance, that he must have heard any thing Sir M. said better than they. So far from having heard Sir M. say that he would go upon the plaintiff's premises notwithstanding the notice he had received, witness had heard him say, that he should like to be on good terms with Mr. Clarke. Two Mr. Smiths, and a Mr. Fletcher, were also present with Sir M. and witness during the affair.

Mr. Parke remarked upon the conduct of Sir M. in not having brought any of the above gentlemen forward, as evidence, but left the task of contradicting the former witnesses to his own agent, whose testimony, if correct, would prove them to have perjured themselves without any motive whatever.—Admitting, for the sake of argument, that the trespass was committed against his knowledge and consent—what should have been the conduct of Sir M. after the notice he had received? He should have been very angry at his servants, for bringing him into such a situation; instead of that, it appeared he was only angry at them for going whither the hare could not go. Mr. Parke, like his learned friend, was no sportsman, and thought that the pleasures of the chase were often carried to too great an excess: but he could easily excuse a person, who in the ardour of pursuit had unawares been led upon forbidden ground. Had this been the case here, or had Sir M. on coming up, called back the other two defendants, he (Mr. P.) should not have contended that he had been guilty of a trespass.

The learned Judge, in summing up the evidence, observed, that the fact of a trespass having been committed by the huntsman and whipper-in was clearly proved, though it certainly could scarcely be called either wilful or malicious. It remained for the Jury to consider, whether

whether these men had acted under the direction of Sir M. Stapleton? If so, the latter must be considered as equally guilty: for it was not necessary to constitute him a trespasser, that he should have been upon the premises of the plaintiff: if he directed or approved of the act of his servants, the action would lie against him as well as the others. The first going in of the servants however, in this case, did not constitute Sir M. a wilful trespasser, nor indeed any trespasser at all; for it was done before he came up, without his knowledge or consent. If he gave them orders to try the field, or consented to their doing so, as the witnesses for the plaintiff deposed he did, upon his joining them, then he was certainly guilty: but the last witness had flatly contradicted the former on this point. It did appear that there were other three persons who witnessed this transaction, and it might have been expected that one or other of them would have been brought forward. But as this had not been done, the Jury must determine from the evidence before them.

The Jury, without leaving the box, acquitted Sir M. Stapleton, and found a verdict *against the huntsman and whipper-in*,—damages *one shilling*.

THE NOTTINGHAMSHIRE PARSONS.

THE *Satirist* for last month has fallen foul of the Nottinghamshire Parsons, or rather those in particular denominated Sporting Parsons. In passing through a village near Southwell, he says he found a party of rustics going in procession to church, to witness the marriage ceremony of a young couple, but who were sadly disappointed when there, owing to the parson having forgotten to publish the bans a third time. The writer, however, gets over the difficulty, and the bride and bridegroom are united in holy matrimony.

Without further trespassing upon the production alluded to, we shall only avail ourselves of the author's notice of an old song, the publication of which will, perhaps, prove more acceptable to our readers than the article itself, which appears written with a view to render the clerical profession (from the attachment of some of its members to the sports of the field) ridiculous, but in which we do not feel ourselves inclined seriously to join him.—*(For the song of "Tally-O! the Hounds, Sir," see our Poetical Department.)*

CRICKET MATCHES.

A Grand match of cricket was played on Saturday, the 4th instant, in the Phœnix Park, Dublin, between his Grace the Lord-Lieutenant and the Officers of the 7th Lt. Dragoons. The Vice-Regal party consisted of the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Frankfort, Colonel Rogers, Mr. Norcott, and seven of his Grace's servants; the other party of the Officers and privates of the 7th (or Paget's Hussars). After a good deal of sport, the day was won by the latter.—The concourse of spectators was immense. In the evening the Lord Lieutenant gave a grand dinner.

A match of cricket was played on Thursday, August 9, at Everley Green, between eleven gentlemen of Sherfield, Dean, &c. and eleven gentlemen of Salisbury, Appleshaw, &c. which was easily won by the former at one innings.

FEAST OF WIT.

A Caledonian Courtship.—A son of medicine, verging to his climacteric, breathed out his amorous sighs to the daughter of a Scotch Peer. The Lady, prone to jocularity, seemed to listen to his suit, solely for that entertainment which grey-haired folly produces in assuming the characteristics of juvenility. The Dr. one day was to pay a visit in form to the goddess of his idolatry; on this occasion he was determined to be as Adonis-like in habiliments as possible. It is requisite to be known, that the Doctor was a man who scorned to be thought of the sect of Peripatetics; when he appeared it was in the equestrian style. On such an important event as the present, resolving to be spruce, he took an immaculate shirt, and put it, not on, but in his pocket, prudently considering, that in the action of riding its purity might be tarnished; to prevent this, he resolved to put it on when he should come within a small distance of the scene of his wishes. When arrived at the settled distance, the Doctor proceeded to disrobe himself of his upper garments, still sitting on his horse; his hat, wig, coat and waistcoat were taken off, and laid upon the pummel of the saddle. In this critical moment, malignant fate reigning, his faithful Pegasus received a fright from somewhat on the road! Off sat Rosinante with the Doctor in *demi-nudity*, and ran with him (instinctively knowing, from frequency in going, his master's destination) to the door of the very house he had hoped to enter with every minutiæ of dress adjusted. His Quixote-like appearance threw the family into such paroxysms of laughter, as precluded the operation of speech, or the means of assisting the distressed Doctor.

A plain and blunt English farmer, at the late Staffordshire agricultural meeting, addressed the gentlemen present on the subject of showing *fat cattle.* "Why dunna yea show em," he exclaimed, "*fedden in a nateral way*, and bring your cattle as they should be seen on your pasters. Its all my eye and Betty Martin, geeing em your *nice kickshaws, and sugar, and milk!* Squire ———, you're throwing hundreds of pounds away in pampering your beasts up like Aldermen, and Christians, and Corporations, with your oily-cakes, dainties, and tid bits! I tell you all, gentleman, for it comes to nothing. We *wanten good sound mate; and none of your greasy and sugary flim flams*, &c. &c.!!!" The mirth of his auditors proved that the old farmer's remonstrances were taken all in good part, if not heard with approbation.

Nautical Exaggeration.—That love of the marvellous, which generated the well-known story of the "Three Black Crows," has been well exemplified at the island of St. Thomas, a letter from which place we have seen, containing the following *curious information* respecting the late disturbances in London: "One master of a mer-

"chant

chant vessel declared that no less than 700 people had fallen by the military, and that the contest was so warm about the Tower, *that he could scarcely work his ship out!!!*"

A SHORT time ago, a physician to an hospital was deemed so ill that several of his medical friends canvassed to succeed him; recovering, however, very unexpectedly, his friends thought some apology necessary for their conduct; he immediately stopped them by observing, that if they would have the goodness to *excuse* his *not dying*, he would very cheerfully forgive their *canvass*.

A NUMBER of insipid young men of fashion have instituted a society called the *Spur Club*, which is by no means edifying to the members, who bestow much more attention on the decoration of their *heels* than the improvements of their *heads*.

AN old gentleman in the country wishing his nephew to ride a race for him, the young Hibernian returned the following answer by the servant—"If my uncle wants *me* to ride his race for him, he must get *somebody else*."

A DROLL mistake happened in the criminal court at the last Lincoln assizes. A lady of respectability, in a habit and beaver hat, was introduced to a seat behind the bar; and her curiosity prompting her sometimes to stand up, she at last caught the observation of the Judge, who, deceived by her dress, exclaimed with indignation "*why does not that man take off his hat?*" The confusion of the lady was extreme; the Court was convulsed with laughter; and even the prisoners (on trial for a burglary) could not repress a smile at the mistake.

A PERSON abusing another in the presence of Churchill said, he was so insufferably *dull*, that if you said a *good thing* he did not understand it.—"Pray, Sir," said Churchill, "*did you ever try him?*"

CHARACTER of a Scottish servant, lately left at a Register Office, in Edinburgh:—"Peggy Munro, aged 23, fit either for cook, *keeping* children, or milking cows; a particular good washer, and famous for clear-starching and making beds.—Born at Inverness, and can *live almost upon nothing!*"—What a most valuable servant!

A PERFORMER at a theatre is said to have lately announced the entertainments for the ensuing evening in the following elegant and truly classical terms:

"Ladies and gentlemen, on Friday evening will be performed, *The Soldier's Daughter*, and *Hit or Miss*, *when all of us will be bang up to the mark.*"

This elegant address was delivered neither at a booth in *Peckham*, or *Camberwell*, or *Bartholomew* Fairs—but, if report speaks true, at the theatre royal of a watering place of princely residence.

AT the time of the French landing at Killala, the Yeomanry in Athlone were occasionally employed in night duty; one of them was posted in the town, with orders not to permit any person to pass, unless he had the countersign (Kilbeggan);—a man having business that way, was stopped by the centinel,

tinel, with, who goes there?—a friend!—what friend?—arrah!—don't you know Tim?—you can't pass without the countersign:—the man urged the necessity, when the other replied, "I know my duty, Tim, and d—n me if you shall pass here until you say *Kilbeggan.*"

While Dr. Franklin was travelling through part of Scotland, attended by a negro servant, the fellow, who estimated the value of land in proportion to its being clear of wood, as in North America, passing over the mountains of Lochaber, exclaimed, "Look, Massa, what fine country this!—no *tree* to be seen for many miles round."

In passing along the streets of London lately, a correspondent observed on the front of shops of different descriptions, many singular names, and amongst others were the following:—

Sweet—Jewell
Gotobed—Darling
Kiss—Smallbones
Loveless—Docksey
Sly—Fox
Foot—Legg
Boddy—Allchin
Greathead—Littleboy
Whitbread—Flour
Taylor—Shears
Puckneedle—Gooseman
Cabbage—Bodkin
Barber—Strapp
Combe—Sawney
Spratt—Smelt
Salmon—Fish
Herring—Whale
Knife—Hatchet
Bull—Steer
Bullock—Butcher

And many more equally entertaining.

A fellow being brought before a justice for stealing *lead*, the magistrate cautioned him against making *light* of it, as it certainly was a very *heavy* charge.

On a handsome tombstone in Chichester church-yard, is this strange inscription:—"Here lies the body of *John*, the only *surviving* son of *John and Mary*," &c.

A gentleman seeing the corn-cryer of Bristol one market day standing unemployed, asked him the reason:—"Oh," replied he, "I can't *cry* to-day, my *wife is dead.*"

The following is a literal copy of a hand-bill circulated in Philadelphia by a French emigrant:—

"I, Jean le Merion, be in trou necessite oblige to teach la langue Francais to de peuple. I be glad you send your childs a moi. Je demeure toder in Second-street. All my leisure hour I make sausage a vende. O! I forgot to tell how much I have for teach de school—4 dollars a quarter and 4d. entrance, for teach de plus polite langue de l'Europe."

The following is a literal copy of a notice stuck against a church door in the county of Surry a short time back:—

Were as on Sunday the 19 or betwen that and tusday of this instant Lost from the pokket of John Elsden sener 4 pound Notes in this Parrish how i know not but from severrel more Woever have taken them up and will Restore them to him again shall Resive 5 shillings in the pound and many thanks for their trobble.—Supposed to be pold out with his purs unseen the Los his to heavey to Bear.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

A Cause of considerable importance, with regard to the validity of engagements for gambling debts, was determined last month, in the Court of Exchequer, Dublin. It appeared that the late Dr. Wilson had obtained a bond, passed by the Marquis of Donegal, for a sum of great magnitude, which, on the Doctor's demise, fell into the possession of his children. The principal and interest having been sought for, the Marquis rejected the application, and it came to issue before Baron O'Grady; when it was decided, notwithstanding a bond had been passed for the amount, the transaction which gave it birth rendered it deficient in legal validity, and null and void to all intents and purposes. The Jury, of course, under the direction of the learned Judge as to the law, returned a verdict for the Marquis with sixpence costs.

At the Cambridge Assizes a cause was tried, *Wilkinson* v. *O'Mara.*—It was an action on the case, brought by the plaintiff, William Wilkinson, rider and training groom to Sir Sitwell Sitwell, Bart. with whom he had lived in that capacity fifteen years, for defamation, by the defendant's calling the plaintiff a poison-water-rascal, and accusing him at the betting-post on the race ground, at Newmarket, in the last October meeting, with having been concerned in poisoning water at Doncaster; in consequence of which report and consequent imputation, Sir Sitwell Sitwell dismissed Wilkinson from his service, and the plaintiff laid special damages.—The Judge, however, was of opinion that the words not being in themselves actionable, no horses having been actually poisoned at Doncaster; and not being sufficiently pointed, in his opinion, to induce the discharge of the plaintiff from Sir S. Sitwell's service; the plaintiff was nonsuited, but we understand intends trying it again, the defendant not having pleaded in justification.

Tandem Club.—The second meeting of the 18th Hussar Tandem Club took place on Saturday, July the 21st. These Military *Jehus* left Deal in the following order.

Captain Clements—Captain Ellis—Captain Jones—Captain Turing—Captain Johnson.

We understand two of the most favourite Whips were prevented joining the cavalcade from indisposition. The above charioteers drove from Deal, through Sandwich, to Dandelion. After partaking of the pleasures of this elegant and rural spot, they paraded several times through the principal streets of Margate before they drew up to a sumptuous dinner provided by Captain Turing, at Kidman's—When well *primed*, &c. they returned in the same order they came in.

The Irish Four-in-Hand Club.—A new order of whips, called the *Erin* Four-in-Hand Club, is about to start in Ireland. We congratulate the inhabitants of Dublin on

on the public-spirited intentions of the gentlemen who are to compose the members of this society of charioteers, they intending, in the autumn and a portion of the winter in each succeeding year, to expend, in their native country, a part of their ample fortunes. The following is a list of the leading members already named :—

1. Mr. Humphrey Butler (the Irish Buxton).
2. Lord Viscount Jocelyn.
3. Duke of Leinster.
4. Earl of Portarlington.
5. Mr. John Latouch, M. P.
6. Mr. Massey Dawson.
7. Mr. Jemmett Brown, of Cork.
8. Lord Farnham.
9. Major Philip Hay.
10. Hon. Colonel Taylor.
11. Mr. Charles Carter.
12. Marquis of Donegal.

We have only report for the truth of the latter being a member.

They met on the Curragh, on the Prince of Wales's birth-day. The carriages are all barouche landaus or chariots, the horses either bays or greys, and highly bred ; the costume of the drivers, blue coats, buff waistcoats, and white Prince's-cord breeches; a driving coat of Yorkshire drab, with six capes and two tier of pockets; on the buttons are engraven the letters E. F. H. C.

Archery.—On Saturday, Aug. 4th, the Silver Arrow, given by the town of Musselburgh, was shot for upon the Links there, by the Royal Company of Archers, and gained by John Leven, Esq. W. S. This ancient arrow was first gained by the Earl of Haddington, but the records of the burgh do not mention the year. The first year upon record is 1604; since then, it has been (with a few exceptions) regularly contended down to the present time ; and was delivered over to Mr. Leven, having appended to it 125 medals of silver, and five of gold. From the records it appears, that the number of archers having greatly diminished, the town, in 1679, in order to obtain a fuller attendance, agreed to present the successful competitor with a silver bowl, in the form of a muscle shell. On the present occasion, the company, after their return, sat down to an entertainment ; and the day was spent with the utmost conviviality. By the old use and custom of the burgh of Musselburgh, observed for upwards of two centuries, the magistrates presented the company with as much claret as could be carried on a coal-riddle.

On Monday, August 21st, the Woodmen of Arden held their grand annual meeting at Meriden. In the list of competitors for the prizes, the Earl of Aylesford was Captain of Numbers, and Lord Guernsey Lieutenant of ditto.—Thomas Featherstone, Esq. won the gold medal, and Joseph Boultbee, Esq. the silver medal. On Wednesday the silver arrow was shot for at 180 yards, and won by Lord Guernsey. On Friday, the silver bugle was shot for at 190 yards, and won by the Hon. Henry Verney. The ladies who were fortunate in the lottery were Miss Bourgeoise and Miss Greenway. The former drew the gold arrow, the later the gold bugle. On Wednesday and Friday evenings, there were balls at the Forest-Hall, and, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, the meeting was numerously attended by the first rank, beauty, and fashion, in the country.

HORSE-STEALING, POACHERS, &c.

At the Sussex Assizes, James Santer,

Santer, for maliciously and cruelly maiming four horses, the property of Mr. Barker, his master, by applying vitriolic acid to their tongues, was recommitted for the space of two years.

At these Assizes, William Langley, for stealing a mare, the property of Edward Hughes; and James Watsford, aged 23, for stealing in the parish of Rudgwick, on the 19th of July last, a bay gelding, of the value of 40l. the property of Mr. W. Mann, were both capitally convicted.—Langley was left for execution.

William Daly was, at the late Armagh Assizes, acquitted of horse stealing, after a trial which occupied the Court from nine o'clock until five. It appeared in evidence, that his father had been hanged two assizes ago; one of his brothers last assizes; that another brother was under sentence of death at this Assizes in Monaghan, for a conspiracy to murder; two other brothers fled the country for capital felonies; and Daly himself was merely acquitted on a suspicion as to the approver that appeared against him.

At the last Assizes for the county of Berks, held at Abingdon, Exuperious Turner and John Buck Shepherd were found guilty, upon an indictment preferred against them, with six others, at the Easter Quarter Sessions (and removed by *Certiorari*) for conspiring to destroy game in the night, on the estate of Thomas Goodlake, Esq. of Letcomb Regis.—They will be brought up to receive judgment of the Court of King's Bench, in next Michaelmas Term. Bench warrants were issued at the Sessions, for the apprehension of the other six, who are part of a desperate gang of poachers from the neighbourhood of North Leach, in Gloucestershire, and were in the Autumn of last year, for several nights together at different times very active in destroying the game in the vicinity of Letcombe, but only two of them have yet been taken, and they were convicted before a magistrate under Ld. Berkeley's Act, and, at the Michaelmas sessions, one was sentenced to three months imprisonment; and then to be sent to the depot for the Army, and the other to four months imprisonment.

A most fatal and afflicting accident happened during the race for the All-age Stakes of Knutsford on the Thursday. Thomas Day, a youth about thirteen years of age, (oldest son of the much-respected Mr. Charles Day, owner of Valentine, Snowdrop, and other blood horses), was riding Lord Grey's colt, and when about two distances from home, in endeavouring to push by Cheshire-Round and Macaroni, his colt hung upon the former, and by some accident was thrown; in consequence of which the boy was unfortunately pitched with great force upon his head, which occasioned a concussion of the brain, and he died in the course of a very few minutes. He was the most promising rider of his age upon the turf; and possessing an understanding greatly superior to boys of his tender years, joined to mild and benevolent temper and disposition, he was beloved by all his friends and associates. His afflicted father reached Knutsford on the Sunday following this lamentable catastrophe; when the manes of his son were removed, and have since been interred in the family burying-ground in Gloucestershire.

At the Hampshire Assizes a cause was tried, *Clewer, Esq.* v. *Knight,*

Knight—It was an action brought by Mr. Clewer, a gentleman resident at Botley, for the price of a cart stallion sold to the defendant, the son of a neighbouring farmer, and who paid 10l. in part, and was to have paid the remaining 120l. within ten days; but instead of so doing, on the 11th day he contrived secretly to put the horse into the plaintiff's stable, and refused to pay for it, on account of its being unsound, by reason of weak eyes. It was proved, however, that the defendant bought the horse fully apprised of the defect in one of his eyes, and the Jury, without hesitation, gave a verdict to the plaintiff for his full claim, 120l. and all costs.

A HORSE cause was tried at the Norwich Assizes, *Libbis* v. *Hickling*.—This was an action brought by the plaintiff, a respectable farmer at Neatishead, against the defendant, a horse-dealer, in an extensive business at St. Faith's, for the recovery of the sum of 80l. the price of a horse sold by the former to the latter. It appeared from the evidence, that on the 9th of February the defendant called at the plaintiff's house on his way to Irstead, and dined with him, and that after dinner the parties began to talk about the horse in question, for which the plaintiff asked eighty guineas, and refused to give any warranty, but made use of these words to the defendant: "You may take the horse to Stevenson, and if he say he is imperfect or unsound, you may return him into my stable on the same day, and there will be an end of every thing." This offer the defendant rejected, and all treaty then finished.—On the following Friday the defendant called upon the plaintiff, and purchased the horse for 80l. without any warranty, or mention made about leave to shew him to Stevenson, and promised to pay the money on the next day. Instead, however, of paying the money on the next day, he sent the horse to the plaintiff's quarters in Norwich, refusing to keep him, alledging Mr. Stevenson had declared him to have corns, which was proved by Mr. Stevenson, on the trial, to be the fact. The points on which the plaintiff rested his case were these: that it was an absolute sale, without any warranty or fraud on his part, or that it was a conditional one, the condition of which had not been performed by the defendant, he not having returned the horse on the same day into the plaintiff's stable.—The Court being satisfied that the plaintiff was ignorant of any corns or defect in the horse, and that the sale was made without any warranty, and the defendant being unable to shew that the contract was a conditional one, the conditions of which had been observed by himself, the Jury, under the direction of the Chief Justice, found a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, 80l. the price of the horse.

On Friday, August 3d, was determined the long pending trotting-match for 200l. between the celebrated horses *Shales* and *Driver*. They started from the South Gates, Lynn, exactly at six o'clock, to trot to the 9-mile stone on the Swaffham road, and back, till the expiration of the hour.—For nearly the first two miles *Driver* took the lead, when *Shales* pushed hard and passed him in gallant style, his rider (a respectable farmer nearly sixty years of age) politely bidding the other "Good morning," and

and adding, "I shall see you no more till I meet you on my return."—At the expiration of the hour, *Shales* had trotted seventeen miles, distancing the other about a mile and a half, with the greatest ease, notwithstanding he was the smaller horse, and carried two stone more weight than the other.—*Shales* has three several times before trotted three miles in nine minutes.

Six beautiful English stallions were, on the 1st of August, put on board the Fort William, at Portsmouth, for Calcutta, to improve the breed of horses in that country.

On Wednesday, the 8th instant, two coal-heavers, who were laying down coals at the end of Chancery-lane, in Fleet-street, incommoded the way in such a manner, that a person driving in a gig expostulated with them that he might pass without inconvenience, but they treated him with indifference, and words having arisen, he left his gig, and a battle ensued. The mob made a ring, but the two *fan-tail Gentlemen* soon gave in, and were conveyed away for surgical assistance. The surprise of the populace, however, soon abated when they discovered that the victorious champion was no less a personage than the redoubtable *Gulley*.

On Monday, the 13th instant, a pitched battle was fought for five shillings a side, between John Broom and Simon Woodstack, two rusticated knights of the plough, at St. Faith's near Norwich. The combatants entered the ring ten minutes before five o'clock, when a sanguinary conflict for fifty-eight minutes took place; and though there was no display of the *genteel* science of pugilism, their faces exhibited good specimens of the art of *bruising*; and, after thirty-nine rounds, Broom was declared victor.

A most obstinate battle was fought on Thorney Downs, the seat of Colonel Uppage, at Thorney, Hants, on Saturday, the 18th instant, betwixt George Hardinge, a professor of boxing, and a weaver, of the name of Benjamin, from Shropshire; the former of whom was backed by the Colonel, and the Shropshire man by the master weavers. Flowers, the provincial bruiser, seconded Hardinge, and Jones, the pugilist, seconded Benjamin. The first round was a most tremendous one; each of the pugilists exchanged at least half a dozen *facers*, until the blood flew in torrents, and they fell from the loss of wind.—This system of fighting was kept up until about the ninth round, when Benjamin exhibited weakness, and he gave his antagonist a heavy fall in about the tenth round, when the combatants were alike worn out and disfigured. Neither could appear to time, and after waiting five minutes by consent, the combat was renewed, and Hardinge won the battle by science, after a contest of forty minutes.—Benjamin was the biggest man, but he knew least of the science of boxing.

In consequence of the decision that was given in the case of Mr. Capell, that the owners of grounds had a right to prevent persons going over them after hounds, two or three packs of fox-hounds have already been brought to the hammer.

A Welsh farmer recently became the dupe of a horse-stealer in the following manner:——Being over-

taken while driving his team by the latter, after some conversation, they agreed to exchange horses, the stranger being mounted on a good-looking animal, and the farmer paid down five guineas with his shaft horse, with which the other rode off. In the course of the day the newly-purchased horse was claimed of the farmer, as having been stolen, by a person who was then in pursuit of the thief; and poor Hodge was compelled to deliver it up, and console himself as well as he could for the loss of his own horse and money.

PEDESTRIANISM.—On Monday, August 6, the inhabitants of Brecon were assembled to witness a foot-rate against time, which excited much interest, as very considerable sums were depending, and 168l. had been lodged as a deposit in the Brecon Bank. Mr. Williams, jun. of Llwynhouse, an officer in the Breconshire local militia, undertook to run in three hours from Brecon to Abergavenny, a distance of nineteen miles. He started soon after three o'clock in the afternoon, in very fine style, and the bets were immediately two to one in his favour; he continued to run at the rate of seven miles an hour for the first thirteen miles, when he got into Crickhowell; he had then an hour and fifteen minutes to perform the remaining six miles; but from his extraordinary exertions he became much affected with the cramp, and continued to labour under it during the remainder of the distance, which he lost by half a mile.—Mr. W. was himself a principal better, and many sporting gentlemen accompanied him on horseback to Abergavenny, where he was put to bed, evidently much exhausted. The road was in many places crowded with spectators.

MR. Edward Millen, of Bethersden, started on Tuesday, July the 31st, at six in the evening, to go one hundred miles in twenty-four successive hours, on Charing Heath; which task he completed thirty-five minutes within the given time.

A MR. Phelps started on Sunbury Common, to go eight miles in one hour for a wager of thirty guineas. The pedestrian did four miles and a quarter in half an hour and won the match in two minutes less than the given time.

Edgeware Fair.—After a lapse of near sixty years, the above Fair was revived August the 1st, and the mart for sheep, cattle, and horses, was plentifully supplied and well attended by dealers from all the home counties. On Friday, the last day, a variety of rustic sports were given; viz. a race by galloways and another by poneys, both of which afforded excellent sport. A foot-race was run for a whip, by carters, to which succeeded a race for a chemise by three *reputed maids.* A match at back-sword was well contested; and the whole concluded with a race by four men tied up in sacks. This fair and pastimes are meant to be continued the first Wednesday in every August.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SEVERAL Favours remain on hand for future consideration.—Due attention will be paid to the hints of an "OLD SPORTSMAN."

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

TALLY-O! THE HOUNDS, SIR.

DR. Mack, no more employs
The burthen of my song, Sir;
I sing the life the priest enjoys,
With constitution strong, Sir.
He laughs and winks, at him that drinks,
But I lay fifty pounds, Sir,
He'll take his glass, and kiss his lass,
And tally-O! the Hounds, Sir.

St. Stephen's Day, that holy morn,
As he was going to mass, Sir,
He heard the music of the horn,
And saw the Beagles pass, Sir;
He shut his book, his flock forsook,
And threw aside his gown, Sir;
He mounts his horse to hunt the fox,
And Tally-O! the Hounds, Sir.

Once he had a pair to wed,
When puss pass'd by in view, Sir;
He threw his surplice o'er his head,
And bid the pair adieu, Sir.
They both did pray that he would stay,
As they were not fast bound, Sir;
He swore that night to bed they might,
And Tally-O! the Hounds, Sir.

Nor think this jovial priest so wrong;
He had an honest heart, Sir;
His life was worthy of my song,
He knew no fraud or art, Sir.
He ne'er distress'd, or poor oppress'd,
His prayers they did abound, Sir;
He thought no crime at any time
To Tally-O! the Hounds, Sir.

GREENFORD-GREEN FAIR.

AH! why was'nt you at Greenford-Green Fair?
All the bucks and the belles of the country were there;
With tol de rol, &c. &c.
A smock was exalted so neat and so white,
To be run for by girls who in running delight;
There were garters for she who the second came in,
And a pound of tobacco for those that could grin.
With tol de rol, &c. &c.

A whip for those lads who make it their pride
To drive well a horse, and to clean well his hide;
With tol de rol, &c. &c.
Above all hung a hat, with a favour of blue,
To be won by the lad of courage most true,
At backsword, in ring, like a game cock who treads,
And proves his rare manhood, by breaking most heads.
With tol de rol, &c. &c.

Six lively young fellows from Apperton came,
The Westerns, Jem Parsons, but more I can't name,
With tol de rol, &c. &c.
They threw down their hats so gallant and gay,
Crying, "Harrow—throw in, if you dare us to play;
But remember we're boys who will play sharp and stout,
Who mind not a rattling and scorn to give out."
With tol de rol, &c. &c.

Jack Martin was there, a Harrow man bold,

But

But his heart, oh! it fail'd him these youths to behold;
With tol de rol, &c. &c.
There was Atkins and Bishop, and others I know,
Would'nt enter the ring, for they dreaded a blow;
But a stout bony fellow, in Sudbury bred,
Stepp'd in, and an Apperton lad broke his head.
With tol de rol, &c. &c.

Then Apperton crow'd loud, when Long Berkshire Dick,
Jump'd into the ring, and cry'd, "Give me a stick."
Sing tol de rol, &c. &c.
A brave boy soon met him on th' Apperton side,
While Dick bang'd his arm, why he bang'd Dick's hide;
They whipp'd and they parried, 'till Dick by a blow
Broke the guard and the head at same time of his foe.
Sing tol de rol, &c. &c.

Then strip'd the bold Parsons of Wembly Green,
As nice a young gamester as ever was seen,
Sing tol de rol, &c. &c.
A Harrow lad play'd him, who soon found his fate
Was to lose all his chance by a rap on the pate.
Then young Western got in, in a bit of a freak,
But Joe Ball won his head by a slap on the cheek.
Sing tol de rol, &c. &c.

When the tyes they were call'd, Long Dick would not play,
But like a true Dunghill he sneaked away,
Sing tol de rol, &c. &c.
Then Parsons with Harrow's best man had a brush,
Tho' thick fell the blows they car'd not a rush;
They cut and they whipp'd, 'till a nice gentle pat
Gave blood, and to Parsons the honour and hat.
Sing tol de rol, &c. &c.

The smock and the garters, tobacco, and whip,
Were won, while the beer cup went from lip to lip.
Sing tol de rol, &c. &c.
A health to all brave boys whom honour doth sway,
A health to all pretty girls smiling and gay;
May the cocks of the village be sure for to find
Their sweethearts all melting, all willing, all kind.
Sing tol de rol, &c. &c.

Success to all gamesters; bear malice who may,
I, in mirth and good fellowship, ever will play;
Sing tol de rol, &c. &c.
Success to all gamesters; may they, sword in hand,
The first be to draw blood, should George so command;
And should Boney come over, by his ill fate led,
May a Middlesex gamester lay open his head.
Sing tol de rol, &c. &c.

LINES ON A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE SPANIEL.

Written (in part extempore, the author's pencil serving him for pen, and the wall for a desk) on the spot where she lies in his garden.

THAT hand which joy'd (of golden hue)
Thy head so smooth, and pendent ears,
Now dimly traces—"Fan, adieu!"
Tho' eyes suffus'd with fruitless tears.

Fav'rite, farewell!—ah! could'st thou hear
How deep my unavailing sigh,
Oft as this path I tread, poor dear!
And pass thy *early* grave so nigh.

Yon western hamlet, oft our walk,
A prey to grief no tongue can tell,
Shall see me weep, and hear me talk
Of thee I loved so passing well.

Dear shall thy mem'ry be to mine,
Till in its Church or Church-yard near,
Low lie my cold remains—like thine,
Which now, alas! lie mould'ring here.

W. L.

Marlborough-buildings, July 8.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

ADDRESSES having been very much the mode of late, the following, though not strictly sporting, will, I hope, for the sake of variety, find a place in your Magazine.

ADDRESSED TO A FLY.

O, Envied, happy fly!
Would I were you, and you were I!
But that I fear will never be,
Whilst you are you, and I am me!

Haste, O fly, to Delia's lip,
And there the honied dew-drop sip;
Or traverse o'er her lovely face,
When rivetted I saw each grace;
To nestle in her polish'd breast,
Where ev'ry virtue is a guest:
Or in her breath to die away,
And think you in a *spice-box* lay:
To hear her voice in plaintive song,
Beguile the weary time along:
The graces at her *elbow* stay,
Whilst o'er the lute her *fingers* play.
O you may peep and you may pry,
And glut thy little am'rous eye,
To nibble in, to nibble out,
And nibble too all round about:
But if you tickle in your touch,
Good lack, good Sir, your fate is such,
That for your life I'd not give much.
But do not brave her piercing *eye*,
For fear it wound the happy fly;
Then would I never, never sigh,
Would I were you and you were I!
Buzz in her ear of love and truth,
My constancy and *burning* youth;
And tell her too, for her dear sake,
How much I sleep, how much I wake;
I dream, I start, I wake, and then
I turn about, and dream again.
And tell her this, my pretty fly,
If I were you and she were I,
Then would she grieve, then would she sigh,
Ah! woe is me, that I am I.

But should my lambkin bite that lip,
Where I would revel, I would sip,
And should that nose of damask hue,
Partake the tones of heav'nly blue;
And that cheek so late like snow,
With fiery red begin to glow;
And the *eye* begin to roll,
To mark the temper of the soul;
And the tongue begin its play,
To utter more than words can say;
Nor patches, paint, nor billet-doux,
No more have charms for the dear shrew:
Then be advis'd, and do not come,
Betwixt her finger and her thumb,
She'd spoil your nibbling, merry run,
"*Plague take the fly*," and you are done.
Then would you gladly, gladly sigh,
"Would I were you, and you were I."

FOX-HUNTING DESCRIBED AND VINDICATED.

From the Rev. F. Scurray's Bidcome Hill.

OFT have we heard upon the gladsome hill,
The cheerful music of the opening hounds:
Oft have we join'd the ardour of the chase,
Shar'd all its pleasures, and its dangers brav'd.
Scar'd by the threatening sound, the fleecy tribes,
In wild disorder scamper o'er the down,
Spreading alarm. Soon is the distant cry
Dying in air, is indistinctly heard.
The scatter'd fugitives in phalanx form,
Assume a front of menace, stamp their feet,
And toss their heads in mockery of war.
Onward we go, cheer'd by the shouts of men,
And notes of dogs. O'er hedge and ditch we fly,
Till the loud whoop proclaims the ended chase,
And horns resound the knell of reynard's death.
How pleasant 'tis at night to sit around
The social table, and recount the feats
That each perform'd! How greatly he exults
Who bore the brush, that precious prize, away,
From furious combatants who sought the spoil!

What tho' the rigid moralist may smile,
And scorn the healthsome pleasures of the field;
Yet shall the Muse the manly pastime sing
Which nature sanctions, and which man approves:
By Heaven it is permitted or decreed,
That thro' creation's bounds, weakness to strength
Its life should yield, an unresting prey.
The lordly lion rushes for the brake,
Hunting to death the unoffending stag;
The

The tiger prowls, and couches near the brink
Of some clear rivulet; the steer draws near
His thirst to slake, and from his ambush'd foe
Destruction meets. The ravenous bird of Jove
Descends from his aërial citadel,
Seizes the timid dove or new-born lamb
In his fell talons, and voracious beak,
And bears it off to feed his unfledg'd young.
Nature's instinctive law the beasts obey,
Implanted in their breasts by nature's God.
And say, vain man, did not the same great cause
Which gave the fox to taint the ground with scent,
Give to the hound sagacity and speed?
Go, false philanthropist, thy scorn forbear,
Transfer the love of brutes, to love of man.

A SUMMER DAWN.

By Mr. Graham.

SOON let the husbandman arouse to toil,
While yet the sky a deep empurpled tint
Northward displays, before the corn-craik's call
In mist-veil'd meads awake the nestling lark
To hail the dawn. Sweet is the dubious bound
Of night and morn, when spray and plant are drench'd
In dew. Sweet now the odour-breathing birch,
The gaudy broom, the orchard's blushing boughs,
The milk-white thorn, on which the blackbird roosts,
'Till light he shakes his ruffling plumes, and chants
His roundelay; and sweet the bean field rows,
'Tween which the drilling plough is artful steer'd,
Striking the dew-drop gently from the bloom:
Thence on their lingering wings the west winds waft
A balmy odour. Struck with new delight,
The toil-worn traveller pauses on his way;
Perhaps some veteran whom Egypt's sands
Have reft of sight (O! when will warfare cease!)
Leans on his staff, and wishes that but once,
But only once, he could behold those blooms
Which now recall his father's little field!

SOLDIER'S SONG.

From Scott's "Lady of the Lake."

OUR Vicar still preaches that Peter and Poule
Laid a swinging long curse on the bonny brown bowl.
That there's wrath and despair in the jolly black jack,
And the seven deadly sins in a flaggon of sack;
Yet whoop, Barnaby! off with the liquor,
Drink upseas out, and a fig for the Vicar!

Our Vicar he calls it damnation to sip
The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's dear lip;
Says, that Beelzebub lurks in her kerchief so sly,
And Apollyon shoots darts from her merry black eye;
Yet whoop, Jack! kiss Gillian the quicker,
Till she bloom like a rose, and a fig for the Vicar!

Our Vicar thus preaches—and why should he not?
For the dues of his cure are the placket and pot;
And 'tis right of his office poor laymen to lurch,
Who infringe the domains of our good Mother Church.
Yet whoop, Bully-Boys! off with your liquor,
Sweet Marjorie's the word, and a fig for the Vicar.

TRUE HAPPINESS—AN EPIGRAM.

JACK CRICKET, when rich, had his head full of care,
But now, being poor, not a sorrow is there,
Ye nice calculators, how make you this out?
'Tis that now he has nought to be careful about.
So with nothing to think of, and nothing to do,
He is free as the air—and he lives on it too.